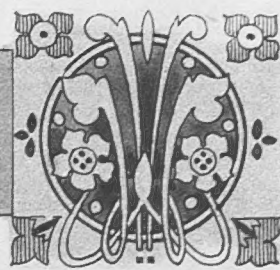




# THE SKETCH



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No. 1530—Vol. CXVIII.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 24, 1922.

ONE SHILLING.



COMING TO THE PRINCE'S THEATRE : M. SACHA GUITRY AND HIS WIFE, Mlle. YVONNE PRINTEMPS.

The Guitry Season at the Prince's Theatre opens on June 12 with "Pasteur." This will be followed by "Faisons un Rêve" and the first act of "Le Misanthrope," with Lucien Guitry as Alceste, and "Jacqueline," "Comment On Ecrit l'Histoire," and "Le Grand Duc" subsequently. Lucien Guitry, Sacha Guitry, and Mme.

Sacha (Yvonne Printemps) will all be seen in "Comment On Ecrit l'Histoire"; and the family trio will appear with Jeanne Granier in "Le Grand Duc." The season is advertised as presenting "the creators and the author" of a number of the plays, for Sacha Guitry is as brilliant a playwright as actor.

# CANINE BEAUTIES AND SOCIETY OWNERS: AT THE



Miss H. Bullough with  
Zena of Abilot.



Lady  
Marcia  
Black,  
grooming  
Grumpy  
of  
Merrymount.



Lady Fowler  
and her  
Toy Spaniel,  
Onida of  
Henltau.



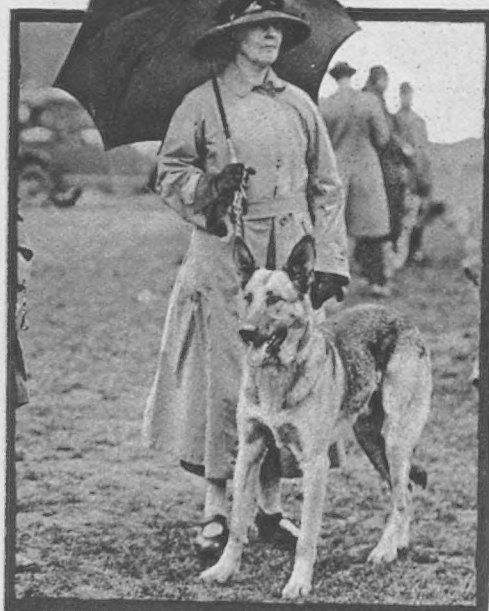
Mrs. Gordon Foster with Duchess of  
Grouse  
Hall.



Mrs.  
Quintin Dick  
and her  
Labrador,  
F. T. Ch.  
Banchory  
Bolo.



The Hon. Miriam and the Hon. Faith Pease  
with their Cairn Terriers, Sandy and Kilpie.



Lady Bullough  
and Marcus d'Abilot.



Lady Portal, (left)  
watching the judging.

## PEKES AND POODLES; ALSATIANS AND BORZOIS

The Ladies' Kennel Association Championship Show was held last week in the Old Deer Park, Richmond. Our pages show a number of well-known owners and some of the dogs they exhibited. Miss H. Bullough is the daughter of Lady Bullough, who showed Alsatian wolf-dogs. Lady Marcia Black is the wife of Major R. B. Black, and the younger of the two sisters of the Earl of Roden.—Mrs. Quintin Dick, who was formerly Miss Lorna Penn-Curzon, is the well-known breeder of Labradors. Her famous Field Trial Champion, Banchory Bolo, beat the King's Wolverton Ben.

# LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION CHAMPIONSHIP SHOW.



Mrs. Isaac  
and her  
Poodles.

Lady Hartwell  
with Elsie and Testy.

Mrs. Thomas  
with  
Mr. J.V. Park's  
Lisa of Ouborough.

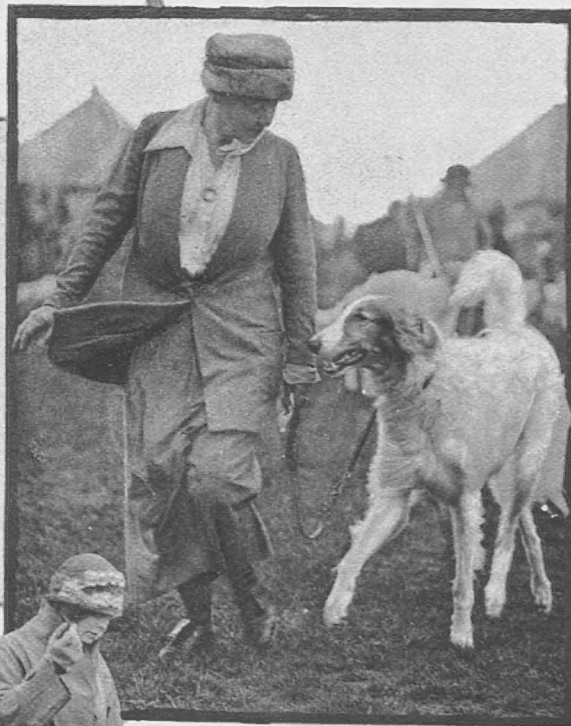
Mrs. Cox  
and her  
Collies.



Mrs.  
Alastair  
Campbell  
with her  
Cairn  
Terriers.



Miss Ivy Scott  
with Mrs. Kilburn Scott's Samoyeds.



The Duchess of Newcastle  
showing Pobedim of Notts.



Miss Ashton Cross  
and two of her Pekes.



Lady Chesham with Trued V. Simpton.

## LABRADOR AND CAIRNS: SOME OF THE COMPETITORS.

Mrs. Gordon Foster, who is shown with her Duchess of Grouse Hill, is the daughter of Sir Thomas Milborne-Swinnerton-Pilkington, and of Lady Kathleen Pilkington, who is so well known in the dog world.—The Hon. Faith and the Hon. Miriam Pease are the daughters of Lord Gaisford.—Lady Portal, who gained a Championship Award with her English springer, Lavenstoke Pattern, is the wife of Sir William Wyndham Portal; and the Duchess of Newcastle, who is the wife of the seventh Duke, won a Championship with her Borzoi Pobedun of Notts.—[Photographs by Alfieri, S. and G., C.N., and L.N.A.]

# The Jottings of Jane; Being "Sunbeams out of Cucumbers."



**The Prince.** Our hearts stood still for a moment last week. It was when we saw a headline about the Prince's accident in Manila. And then our hearts went on beating as ever—or perhaps a little quicker with relief.

I wonder what it feels like to know that millions of eyes are watching you, and millions

## Our King and Queen.

One glance at our King and Queen as they opened the Royal Tournament at Olympia on Thursday was enough to read the reason why their Majesties shirk nothing. They verily *love* everything to do with their loyal subjects' welfare! Those nearest the Throne realise more than any of us in the distance just how hard they work and how deeply they strive to do more and more to help their country.

Now they are paying their annual visit to Aldershot, and most soldiers know what that means. Residence at the Royal Pavilion for a week may be, very picturesque, but it is also very strenuous for both the King and the Queen. Constant reviews, constant presentations, constant luncheon and dinner-parties, always having to be most punctilious to remember who is who and what each has done, and, whether they feel like it or not, just to shake hands and go on smiling!

Even an ordinary Society leader knows what it means to have to attend a party when she would rather be reading a book in the garden. Imagine how few must be the quiet hours in a garden indulged in by our own gracious Queen, who is, for all that, a very great lover of books, and a great lover of gardens, and a great lover of quiet.

I hear, by the way, that the Queen was most amused and a little indignant with the Press for their ridiculous announcement that the Queen of Roumania intended to make several kinema films in America next autumn. In a letter to the American Associated Press, her Majesty (of Roumania) writes: "It is altogether offensive and provoking to have my name linked with these things, especially when it is said that I am to get huge sums out of the enterprise."

She adds that her chief desire in going to the United States is to "see your big-hearted, sympathetic, humane President, your enterprising, clever men, and your practical, resourceful women."

**Princess Mary.** Princess Mary and Lord Lascelles have had a delightful visit of inspection of their Yorkshire home, Goldsborough, and have also visited Lord Lascelles' brother, Major Edward Lascelles, at Linton Springs, Wetherby. Major Edward Lascelles is in the Rifle Brigade, and was as good a soldier as his eldest brother, winning the D.S.O. and the M.C. in the European War. His wife is better known as the favourite niece of Lord Balfour. She accompanies him to the Riviera every year, and is often with him in London and at Whittingehame in the autumn. She is, of course, the daughter of his late brother, Mr. E. J. A. Balfour, who married a daughter of the eighth Duke of Argyll.

As Miss Joan Balfour she used to keep a diary, and as at that time there was also much talk in young circles of the diary of Elizabeth Asquith—Elizabeth the Irrepressible she was called then—if you happened to stay in the same house with either of them you wondered a little whether your *banal* talk was destined to live for evermore! But neither diary has so far seen the light of day. Youthful diaries have a habit of seeming full of momentous material that in maturer days appears hardly worth publishing, after all. Or are they both waiting for some dramatic moment in which to lay bare the souls of Mr. Asquith and Lord Balfour respectively? *Nous verrons*. The only amusing thing about my own early diary is the number of misspelt words, split infinitives, and tremendously long, meretricious sentences about sunsets sandwiched

in between minute descriptions of punishments for being late for breakfast. Evidently, between late breakfast and the setting of the sun nothing whatsoever happened. And the diary did not cure me, for I still am late for breakfast, and a sunset still makes me wistful—but no longer so on paper.

But to return to Princess Mary and Lord Lascelles. I hear their engagements spread right through the season, beginning last night (Tuesday) with the ball given by Lady Evelyn Guinness in their honour. Lady Evelyn Guinness always makes a most charming hostess, and has the happy knack, so rare nowadays, of making everyone feel that they individually are absolutely indispensable at the party. If only hostesses realised what a difference it makes to be *looked* at as they give you their hand, and not just to be lent a hurried two fingers while their eyes are obviously looking over your shoulder to find out how many more of those insufferable bores they must shake hands with before they are free really to enjoy their evening! I could mention one or two who are known for doing this. (But I won't.)

## The Royal Amateur Art Exhibition.

I only had a moment for seeing the prizes given by Princess Helena Victoria at 27, Grosvenor Square, the other evening to lucky (and accomplished) needleworkers. Miss Page Croft certainly



2. But since all our leading daily papers offer such splendid accident insurance...

merited her silver medal. Her exhibit was a beautifully worked box, and she had only had one lesson in her life, so is naturally very pleased to be made an Associate of the Amateur Guild—or whatever it is called. Mostly dowagers were present, as younger women are too busy doing more strenuous



1. In former days Angela always had the greatest difficulty in persuading any of her friends to let her drive them in her car. They always had important engagements in the opposite direction—Angela's driving is so temperamental.

of minds worrying till you are safely home again. . . . It was so characteristic of his Royal Highness just to ride into the shade and throw himself down on a hard bench. And can't you see his smile as he drove off with his doctor to have those two stitches put in?

I would not like to be in the shoes—or, rather, the top-boots—of the young man who hit that ball! Not that it was his fault. But fancy if it had killed the precious Heir to the Throne of the Empire! But we all like to feel that there is a greater Destiny brooding over the world. And happy hearts attract great happiness, and we none of us believe but that our Prince will go on living for many years—bless him—so we are not so very worried after all.

It is splendid, the reception he is getting everywhere. General Howard Wood, the Governor-General of the Philippines, gave him the official reception, of course. And the British community, headed by eighty British ex-Service men, gave a great garden party at the Manila Club. No mere blow on the head would stop him attending such a party. Most young men would have been only too glad to take the excuse of a few days' rest. But whoever heard of *any* member of our Royal Family shirking a single duty?

things now. Lady Sligo was there in black and gold. And Georgiana Lady Guilford, who says that her son has let Waldershare Park, his place near Dover, and is now living with Lady Guilford in one of the small houses on the estate. The eldest son, Lord North, is a probationer in the 2nd Life Guards—or I suppose one should now say in the Regiment of Life Guards, for there is only

Ponsonby; Mrs. Henry Gladstone, in Eaton Square; Mrs. Brand, at 10, Carlton House Terrace; Lady Kindersley, at the Hyde Park Hotel; Princess A. de Chimay, at Claridge's, for Comtesse Thérèse de Caraman; and so many others that Jane would need the whole *Sketch* (including the advertisement pages) to enumerate them.

Lady Curzon of Kedleston has not yet been able to fix the date of her ball, as Lord Curzon is still far from well. But she is presenting her step-daughter at the first Court, and intends to give at least one dance for her before the end of the season.

And, talking of the Court, I hear some of the girls who have "bobbed" their hair are in despair about it! How on earth they will solve the conundrum of three feathers without a hair-pin I don't know. But necessity is the mother of invention, and I dare say with a camouflaged bandeau and an elastic or so it can be managed.

Anyhow, "débutantes" always make Jane terribly shy. Gone are the days when they were shy themselves. They know much more about the fashions and the Court and the world generally than Jane ever hopes to know—or is it all just a mask for feelings as sensitive and as shy as pre-war girls used to have? After all, no one wishes to appear *gauche*, and by pretending to know everything they may hope to hide some little special ignorance. And they are all lovely enough to be forgiven their little modern affectations. And who would not be eighteen again, and on the eve of what is so perfectly sure to be the most glorious possible life in the most glorious possible country, where, down some golden avenue of dreams, the ideal young man is only waiting for opportunity and your own eyes to tell him that the time has come? Deny it if you dare, you wistful rosebuds with your cheeks flushed with protest. Of course you hope there will be a young man! And, thank goodness, the war is over, so for most of you there will be—bless your romantic hearts! And Jane isn't allowed to be too prosy, but Jane says—and says it in big black capitals—oh, for God's sake, *do be Romantic!* It only comes once—that wonderful time. Let it be beautiful. Make it beautiful by believing in it. You have all the rest of a lifetime to be cynical in, if you wish to be cynical; but you won't, once you have learned to dream. And listen to this secret—dreams *do* come true if you only dream enough.

#### Miss Edwina Ashley Home Again.

A glimpse of Miss Edwina Ashley, just home from India, assured me that the old saying about an engagement being the most becoming thing on earth is still perfectly true.

Miss Ashley is staying with her great-aunt, Mrs. Cassel, a sister of the late Sir Ernest Cassel, pending the return of Lord Louis Mountbatten, who is, of course, with the Prince of Wales. The date of her wedding is not yet fixed.

And, talking of weddings, I expect there will be a big crowd to see Lady Joan Capell marry Mr. Osbert Peake. She has always been a popular, interesting girl, and it is characteristic of her to have chosen St. Margaret's, Westminster, for the ceremony on June 19. I always think it quite the loveliest setting in London for a wedding. Adèle Lady Essex will miss her daughter dreadfully, as she has been her inseparable companion since the elder daughter set up housekeeping "on her own."

#### Lord and Lady Pembroke.

Wilton House, Salisbury, has had a jolly party lately, Lord and Lady Pembroke having been entertaining Lord and Lady Desborough, Lord and Lady Lovat, Captain and Lady Victoria Bullock (Lord Derby's daughter), Mrs. Harry Lindsay, Mr. Evan Charteris, and that wistful writer of

sonnets Mr. Maurice Baring, Lord Revelstoke's clever brother. I am always so amused by his address—Pickwick's Villa, Dulwich Village, S.E.21. It is a bit of an anomaly, considering his clubs are Brooks' and Pratt's! He is, I believe, the only living Englishman who has completely mastered that terribly difficult language, Russian.

Having enjoyed myself reading everything he ever wrote, I was naturally thrilled one day to be told I was to meet him at dinner. When the time came, however, and Mr. Baring was duly introduced, I noticed that he did not seem particularly familiar with his own works—which would have been puzzling but for the fact that his other neighbour suddenly called him Windham! Now Mr. Windham Baring is a delightful dinner companion with an immortal sense of humour—but he did *not* write "Letters from the Near East," nor "Palamon and Arcite," nor any "Diminutive Dramas" nor "Collected Poems." Mr. Windham Baring is, of course, Lord Cromer's brother, and a senior partner in Baring Brothers. No wonder he hasn't time to familiarise himself with every detail of his cousin's prolific literary contributions.

#### Afternoon Parties and Others.

On Wednesday Lady Walpole's party at Claridge's was very crowded; and as the weather suddenly turned cold again, it was delightful to sit in a big comfy chair in a corner and listen to Cernikoff.

On Thursday Countess Torby received her numerous friends at Cambridge Gate. She and the Grand Duke Michael are as fond as ever of bridge, and on most Sunday afternoons the best players in London are still to be found assembling there for a rubber or two.

And for news we have Lady Enid Vane's engagement to Captain Herbert Turnor, that delightful and good-looking 17th Lancer who plays such an excellent game of polo. Lady Enid Vane is the lovely young widow of the late Captain Vane, and a daughter of Lord Westmorland.

And for more news we hear (with deep misgivings) of many mysteries on Mars—or should you say *in* Mars?—IRREPRESSIBLE JANE.



PETO.

#### At the Palace Theatre.

Yesterday afternoon I spent one hour at the Palace Theatre, where Florence Lady Garvagh had marshalled so many pretty programme-sellers for the matinée in aid of mentally broken soldiers. The two daughters of the French Ambassador were helpers, and Lady Joan Fitzwilliam and her sister, as well as the Lord Chancellor's elder girl, Miss Eleanor Smith; Lady Phyllis King, Lady Betty Hay, Miss Ivy Stapleton, Miss St. John, Miss Alannah Harper, and Miss Mary Maxwell. It almost took one back to the war again, when we had no other form of amusement; and I for one wondered how it had been possible to collect an indoor audience on a May afternoon now that the war is over. But, thank goodness, people will do most things still for those blessed men.

#### Dances to Come.

And still they come—more and more invitations to dances—and everyone in a great rush to monopolise the only nights left. Lady Hambleden's on June 1 at 3, Grosvenor Place, will be a jolly one for certain. Lady Hambleden is a daughter of the fifth Lord Arran (therefore, related to the Cecil family), and entertains delightfully at Greenlands, their place at Henley, and at the Manor House, their seat in Moretonhamstead, Devonshire. Unfortunately, Dame Alice Godman's dance is on the same night, as is also Mrs. H. J. Tennant's in Bruton Street for her daughter Alison. But London wouldn't be London if we didn't have to live in a rush—and who ever heard of only going to *one* ball a night in June?

Later, Lady Dashwood's dance at Claridge's, Mrs. Kenneth Wilson's at Dorchester House, Mrs. Lyon's at 17, Charles Street—the house she has taken from Sir Richard and Lady Musgrave for the season—Lady Sondes and Mrs. Ronald Brooke, at the Hyde Park Hotel, for Miss Audrey Meakin and Miss Moira



GLADYS PETO

4. She obligingly does the best she can—and those for whom there is simply no room in the car arrange themselves in the highway, and she kindly runs over them.

# Racing, a Christening, and a Reception: Society Snapshots.



THE DAUGHTERS OF THE KING OF SPAIN: THE INFANTA BEATRICE (LEFT) AND THE INFANTA CRISTINA.



THE CHRISTENING OF THE HON. MRS. PHILIP CARY'S BABY: LORD INVERCLYDE, MASTER HENRY DALRYMPLE WHITE, THE HON. MRS. PHILIP CARY, THE BABY, THE HON. MRS. GERALD MCKENNA, AND THE HON. PHILIP CARY (L. TO R.).



AT THE YORK RACES: LADY DUNDAS, LADY JOAN FITZWILLIAM, AND LADY DOLATIA FITZWILLIAM.

The Infanta Beatrice and the Infanta Cristina, daughters of the King and Queen of Spain, attended the reception held at the Spanish Embassy in honour of the birthday of the King of Spain.—The infant daughter of the Hon. Philip Cary, second son of Viscount Falkland, was christened at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. Lord Inverclyde was godfather, and his sister, the Hon. Mrs. Gerald McKenna, whose marriage took place recently,



AT YORK RACES: LORD SCARBROUGH, THE HON. MRS. EDWARD LASCELLES, AND MAJOR THE HON. EDWARD LASCELLES.

was also present.—York Races were well attended by Society. Lady Joan and Lady Dolatia Fitzwilliam are two of the daughters of Earl Fitzwilliam.—Lord Scarbrough is the tenth Earl of a creation dating from 1690; and Major the Hon. Edward and Mrs. Lascelles are the brother and sister-in-law of Viscount Lascelles, and are near relatives by marriage of Princess Mary.—[Photographs by L.N.A. and I.B.]

# Towering Over Their Fellows! The Giants of Ladies' Golf.



WINNER AND RUNNER-UP OF THE LADIES' OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP: MISS CECIL LEITCH (LEFT); MISS JOYCE WETHERED, THE NEW CHAMPION; AND A GROUP OF COMPETITORS.

Miss Cecil Leitch and Miss Joyce Wethered towered over most of their rivals in the Ladies' Open Golf Championship, both in skill and physique. The final stages of the meeting were a gruelling test of golf, as Prince's in a high wind is no easy course to play over, but the ladies were equal to it. This year's final is the "rubber" game, for Miss Wethered,

when a girl of 18, gave Miss Cecil Leitch her first golfing set-back in this country by beating her in the final of the English Ladies' Close Championship two years ago. Last year they met in the final of the Open Championship, and Miss Leitch won by 4 and 3. This year, after a terrific struggle, Miss Joyce Wethered won by nine and seven.

*Photographs by S. and G. and P.I.C.*



# Motley Notes

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY — GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND..."

## Popularity as an Art.

I should rather like to know if Mr. C. B. Fry, athletic marvel of the 'nineties, really said that he was not at all sure whether county cricket is nowadays worth playing. If he did not say it, he should at once contradict the report; if he did say it, and intends to stand for Parliament, he should be just as quick to contradict it.

The one thing the average Englishman will not stand is an air of superiority. Your "superior" person is rather like that two-gilled cephalopodous mollusc known as the cuttle-fish. The cuttle-fish is not at all popular in the fish world. It has a nasty habit of ejecting a black, ink-like fluid which darkens the water. This is all very well for the cuttle-fish, but horrid for its neighbours. If the cuttle-fish put up for Parliament, I don't think it would stand an oceanic chance of getting elected.

Hundreds and thousands of people all over these islands—indeed, all over the Empire—are now taking the keenest interest in the County Championship. The accomplishments and failures of every first-class player are watched and commented upon from one end of the earth to the other. It is rather a smack in the face, therefore, when a great cricketer in retirement allows it to be reported that he is not at all sure whether county cricket is nowadays worth playing.

## Value of County Cricket.

Of course it is worth playing. It is very much more worth playing, for example, than North v. South. Who really cares a button whether North wins or South wins? You can't suddenly work up an intense enthusiasm for such a hybrid team.

But your county is quite another matter. You have probably followed the fortunes of the side for years. You have seen the youngsters in the team from their first county match to the day when the side would not be complete without them; you know them all by sight; you may even have the honour of knowing a few of them personally. When they win you exult; when they lose you are in the dumps. You abuse them for their mistakes; you know exactly what you would have done in their place; you may even swear, after a bad run of luck, never to attend another match.

But the moment April merges into May you are as keen as ever. You know the side is poor, hopeless, depleted beyond repair. They win their first match and your hopes revive; they win their second match, and you think they may turn out a good side after all; should they win their third match,

nothing less than the Championship will satisfy you.

Not worth playing? Oh, my dear Admirable Crichton!

## Enthusiasm and Hysteria.

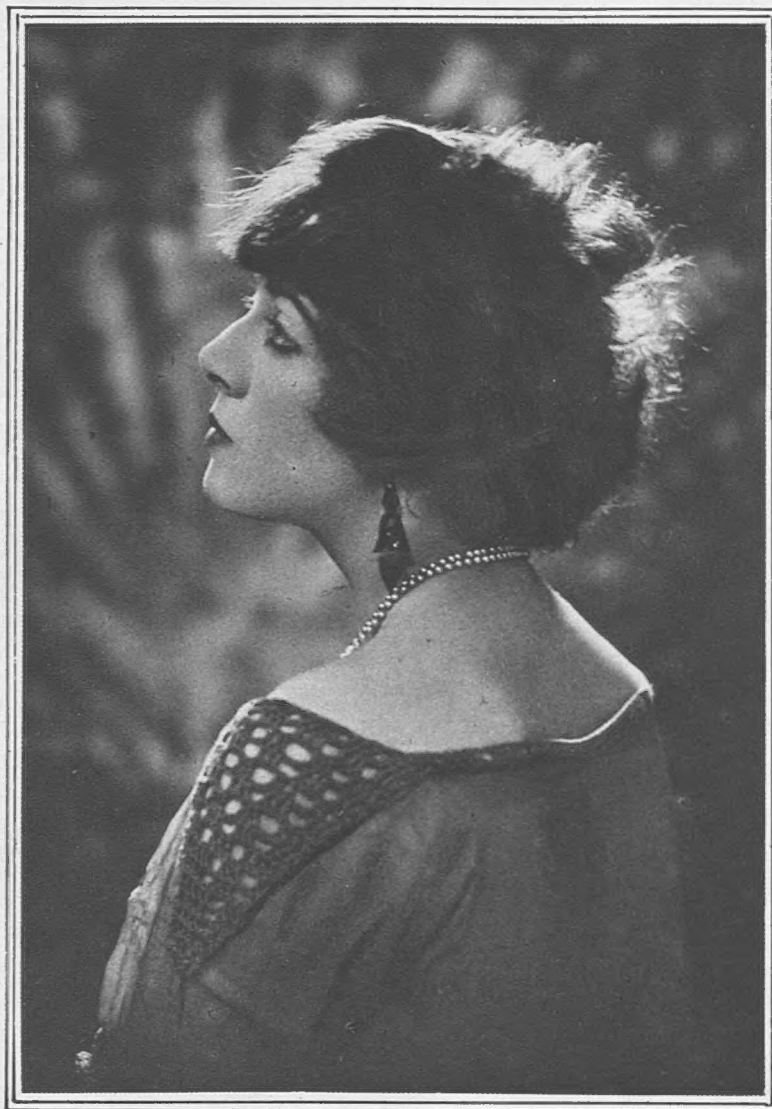
Enthusiasm is a fine thing, but one must preserve a sense of proportion even when worshipping idols. I am not in the least superior, for example, about prize-

the Carpentier-Lewis affair. It seems that when Mr. Lewis allowed his attention to wander for a moment, and M. Carpentier, resenting this slight on his prowess, hit Mr. Lewis on the jaw, "men, on their feet in an instant, wild-eyed most of them, shouted and roared and screamed and raved."

Why? What did they expect? Was M. Carpentier to say, "Hi! Lewis! There's a fight on! If you keep looking away I shall really have to give you a nasty knock!"

I'm devoting all my attention to this little fight, and I think you might do the same!" Very charming and polite, of course, but there is not time for that sort of courtesy in the middle of a round. If one gentleman allows his attention to wander, the other gentleman is quite entitled to go on with the business in hand. And the attentive fighter always will go on with it, no matter how the wild-eyed men scream and rave.

What is happening, anyway, to that restraint and coolness which was once accounted a British asset? This hysterical business is getting overdone. It argues a lack of humour. It means that our own vision of ourselves is becoming enlarged. Nothing more fatal than that.



THE VICTIM OF A TRAGIC LOSS: PRINCESS RADOMIRKO KRYTZCHKA, FORMERLY MISS SHEILAGH CANCH-KAVANAGH.

Much sympathy is felt for Princess Radomirko Krytzhka in the tragic loss of her husband. The Princess, who was formerly Miss Sheilagh Cane-Kavanagh, is the daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Cane-Kavanagh, of Grimblethorpe Hall, Lincolnshire, and St. Andrews. Her marriage took place recently. She then went to Italy with her husband and her mother. From Venice the Prince and Princess proceeded to Albania, intending to spend some time at Radomar Castle, the thirteenth-century home of the family. When within thirty miles of the castle, a brigand stopped the carriage and shot the Prince through the head, killing him. Prince Radomirko Krytzhka was to have been the ruling Prince of Albania, and it is thought that the crime is a political one.

Photograph by Le Dernier Cri.

fights. I have seen a few, and I know all about the excitements and the thrills and so forth. But I was never, I hope, "wild-eyed," and I'll swear I never "screamed and raved."

I have taken those expressions from a very sober report, in a very sober daily paper, of

## Still the Best Club? The House of Commons used to be talked of

as the best club in London. Even to-day, I gather, it has points in its favour.

"The House of Commons whisky," I read, "is good. The Valentia vat holds a thousand gallons, and the supply is never allowed to get less than four hundred gallons. A dinner now costs three shillings and sixpence. The Parliamentary wine is excellent, and moderate in price."

Why do these things get into the papers? Is it possible that a shrinkage of membership is in sight? After all, it might happen. Four hundred a year is no longer a bait, especially when your constituents expect you to spend five hundred of it in the constituency. What a terrible thing it would be if the Prime Minister said, "Now, boys, we'll have a General Election!"—only to find that there were no candidates at all! What would he do? Would the Cabinet sit all alone? Or would he raise the salary from four hundred to eight hundred?

No. I think I know what he would do. He would cause a report to be circulated that the Valentia vat was overflowing from lack of attention, and that all drinks would be free until it got down to the four-hundred-gallon mark.

After all, the country must be governed.

## The Salon Portrait of a Court Favourite.



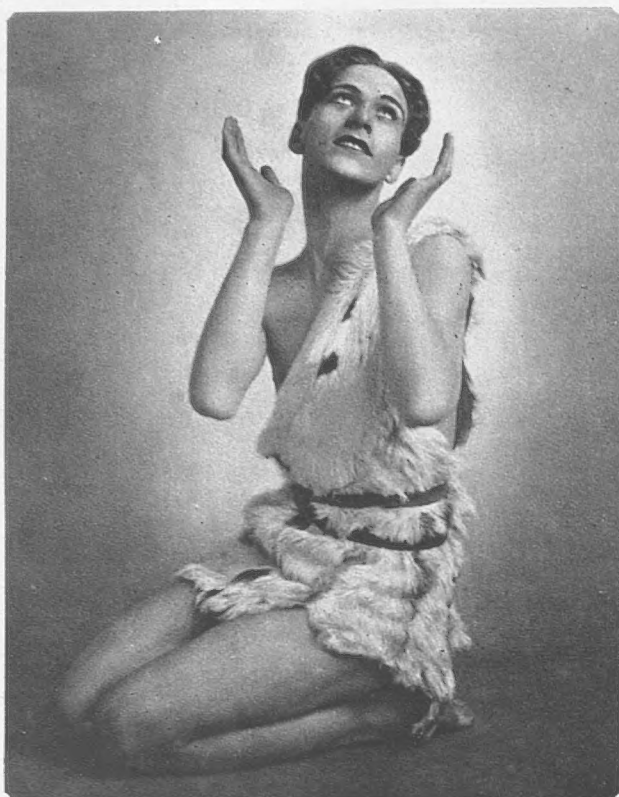
LADY JOAN MULHOLLAND: BY MME. FLORA LION.

This beautiful portrait of Lady Joan Mulholland is exhibited in this year's Paris Salon, and is a good example of the work of Mme. Flora Lion, the well-known artist. Lady Joan is the younger daughter of the fifth Earl of Strafford, and the widow of Captain the Hon. A. E. S.

Mulholland, eldest son of the second Baron Dunleath. Lady Joan, who has one little girl, Daphne Norah Mulholland, is well known in Court circles. She was appointed Lady-in-Waiting to Princess Mary in 1918.

*From the portrait by Flora Lion. Copyright strictly reserved by the artist.*

# Joseph and Potiphar's Wife in 16th Century Costumes.



AS JOSEPH IN RICHARD STRAUSS' "LEGEND OF JOSEPH,"  
AT THE VIENNA OPERA HOUSE: TONI BIRKMEYER.



POTIPHAR'S WIFE AND JOSEPH: MARIA GUTHEIL-SCHODER  
AND TONI BIRKMEYER.



AS SHE APPEARS AT THE VIENNA OPERA HOUSE: MARIA  
GUTHEIL-SCHODER AS POTIPHAR'S WIFE.



WITH A VEILED HEAD-DRESS AND A DÉCOLLETÉE DRESS:  
A BEAUTY OF THE BALLET.

The Russian Ballet danced Richard Strauss' "Legend of Joseph" in London in 1914, and it was as Joseph that Massine made one of his first appearances on the stage over here. Our photographs show some of the characters in the production of "The Legend of Joseph," which took place recently at the Viennese Opera House, of which Dr. Richard Strauss is one of the directors. It should be noted that the costumes

are those of the sixteenth century in Italy, as the idea of the production is to follow in the footsteps of the famous artists who painted Biblical subjects with the characters in the dress of the Italian Renaissance—such as Veronese; or of sixteenth and seventeenth century playwrights, whose historical characters walked the stage in costumes of the author's period.



FORMERLY PRINCESSE JEAN DE BROGLIE : THE HON. MRS. REGINALD AILWYN FELLOWES.

The Hon. Mrs. Reginald Ailwyn Fellowes is one of the most beautiful women in Society. She was formerly Princesse Jean de Broglie, and married the Hon. Reginald Ailwyn Fellowes, only surviving son of

Lord and Lady de Ramsay, in 1919. She has one little girl, Miss Rosamond Daisy Fellowes, born in 1921. Mr. and Mrs. Fellowes live at Abbot's Ripton Hall, Huntingdon.

*Photograph by Bertram Park.*

# PICTURES OF THE MOMENT: THE "13" WEDDING



STROLLING IN THE PARK: LADY JOAN VERNEY  
AND MISS JOAN VERENA VERNEY.



GUESTS AT THE PALMER—LODER WEDDING: THE DUCHES  
OF DEVONSHIRE AND LADY RACHEL CAVENDISH.



THE MOTHER OF A TRAIN-BEARER:  
LADY MARY KENYON-SLANEY.



A BRIDESMAID AND A TRAIN-BEARER: LADY MOYRA  
BRODRICK AND MISS CLODAGH MEADE.



AFTER THE CEREMONY AT ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER.

Lady Joan Verney is the wife of Mr. Harry Lloyd-Verney, and the daughter of the fifth Lord Desart. She is a Woman of the Bedchamber to Queen Mary.—Captain the Hon. William Jocelyn Lewis Palmer, youngest son of the Earl of Selborne, and Miss Dorothy Loder, daughter of Mr. Gerald Loder and Lady Louise Loder, defied superstition by being married on May 13, and by the bride choosing a green-and-white dress to go away in. The bridesmaids were Miss Diana, Miss Victoria, and Miss Mary Loder (sisters); Miss Diana Lascelles (cousin); Lady Moyra Brodrick (whose engagement to Mr. John Brodrick was announced last week).

Photographs by Allan, P.

# MARK PARADE, GIRL GUIDES, AND OTHER MATTERS.



WITH THE DUKE OF GRAFTON: THE DUCHESS OF GRAFTON, WHO HAS JUST HAD A DAUGHTER.



OUT FOR A STROLL: LORD AND LADY VIVIAN.



THE BRIDESMAIDS AT THE PALMER-LODER WEDDING.



AT A RALLY OF GIRL GUIDES AT EPSOM: LADY D'ABERNON.



A WEDDING GUEST: THE HON. MRS. FRANCIS BALFOUR.

Major H. C. Loyd has been announced), and Miss Mary Cavendish; and the train-bearers, Miss Clodagh Meade (daughter of Colonel and Lady Aileen Meade), and Miss Vivien Kenyon-Slaney.—The Duchess of Grafton, who has just had a little girl, is the fourth daughter of Sir Mark McTaggart Stewart and was formerly Lady Borthwick. She married the eighth Duke, who is now 72, in 1916. The Duke has a grandson, Viscount Ipswich, who is seven years old.—Lady D'Abernon, wife of the British Ambassador to Germany, attended a Girl Guides' Rally where Lady Baden-Powell took the salute. Co. and T.P.A.



**The Fight.** The tumult and the shouting over the Carpentier-Lewis fight have died down, and some thousands of zealous sportsmen have said angrily that never again will they be lured to pay high prices to see a contest which is almost certain to end in a matter of minutes. Equally certain is it that they will come up again to gobble the bait as soon as a fight is arranged between two top-class men who

## The Clubman. By Beveren.



THE CAPTAIN OF THE ARGENTINE POLO TEAM: MR. L. L. LACEY.

Mr. L. L. Lacey is the captain of the Argentine polo team, and plays back for his side. The Argentines are a first-class team, and when they played the Freebooters at Roehampton, and won by 11 goals to 3, showed that they are not likely to be beaten by any side short of international strength.—[Photograph by W. A. Rouch.]

possess personality that attracts, excites, or puzzles. For there is a thrill about a spectacular glove match that is to be found nowhere else in modern life. Before midnight on the night of Lewis's swift defeat, I heard a well-known baronet saying in the Embassy Club that he was willing, there and then, to back Lewis again to the extent of £1000. He was convinced that the unexpected knock-out blow, administered when the Londoner was still listening to the referee, did not serve to indicate the proper fighting values of the two men.

Well, Lewis has one consolation. In the two-and-a-half minutes that he faced Carpentier he drew blood. He got in one blow that marked the Frenchman's lower lip. Not many Englishmen can say that.

### A Wonderful Audience.

Never was there a larger or a more brilliant assembly of onlookers at a boxing match in this country. I heard of one wealthy sportsman who spent over £500 entertaining a big party of friends to dinner and treating them to seats; of a financial magnate whose bill for the same purpose amounted to nearly £300. Lord Lonsdale, back from his excursion to Africa, came with his brother, the Hon. Lancelot Lowther, and at first got into the wrong seats; and Lord Lonsdale was all courtesy and consideration when the

rightful owner turned up and he discovered his mistake.

The Lord Chancellor, his hat-rim half covering his face—perhaps to avoid the glare of the arc lights—came in with Lord Beaverbrook, and had a ringside seat. So had Lord and Lady Rocksavage, who were joined by Lady Rocksavage's brother, Sir Philip Sassoon, who had come on from Mr. Harry Preston's "fight" dinner at Prince's, with Lord Lovat, Captain "Freddie" Guest, the Air Minister; Mr. Dudley Ward, Sir Matthew Wilson, M.P., Jack Dempsey, whose health was drunk at the dinner; Mr. Arnold Bennett, Mr. E. V. Lucas, Mr. Maurice Baring, who has just written his first book of reminiscences; Mr. Jeffrey Farnol, the novelist; Lord Castlerosse, Mr. Hilaire Belloc, and Sir Walter de Frece. Mr. "Solly" Joel was also among the well-known figures who sat close up to the ring, as did another millionaire in Mr. "Dicky" Jowett, Mr. "Jimmy" de Rothschild, Mr. Clarence Hatry (who had Mr. Lyle Samuel, M.P., in his party), Lord Dalziel, the Duke of Sutherland, Sir Charles Higham, M.P., and Sir James Dunn. On the other hand, the Duke of Leeds, Lord Tweedmouth (who used to command the Blues), and I think it was Lord Setton, were among a contingent from Buck's Club who occupied a tier high up among the raised seats opposite where the Royal Box is at the Tournament and the Horse Show.

Everyone has read that the Duke of York and Prince George attended the contest and shook hands with Dempsey and Jimmy Wilde. As for the ladies, well, certainly some were there who do not go to prize fights as a rule. Lady Chesham and the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Capel came with Lord Chesham and Mr. Raymond de Trafford; and that delightful horsewoman, Miss Mona Dunn was also there. And, of course, stage celebrities by the dozen.

But even the person with an eye, who can recognise at first glance all the personalities of the day, would have needed a telescope to pick out every "well known" who was at Olympia. The place is so vast and the celebrities were so many.

One of the bizarre incidents of the evening was the mounting to the actual ringside, after Lewis had been knocked out, of a young fellow, solemn and Hebraic of countenance, who wore a big "peaky blinder" cap. He leaned over the ropes and began quietly hissing Carpentier and the supporters in his corner. He was very quickly "shooed" away by a burly second who was attending to the fallen Lewis.

### The King Stayed.

When the King and Queen arrived at Drury Lane for the Newspaper Press Fund Matinée, his Majesty said he must leave at 5 p.m. "At five minutes past at latest," he added. That was why Sir Alfred Butt was on tenterhooks, because the splendid programme did not end until just on 6 p.m., and the Royal Party stayed until the end, when the whole audience sang the National Anthem and cheered his Majesty heartily and long.

I enjoyed it all very much, not least because when I arrived every seat was occupied and I had to sit on the circle stairs. I was in good company. Dainty Margaret Bannerman, Miss Beatrice Lillie, Miss Barbara Hoffe, Miss Irene Browne and other charming programme-sellers were doing the same thing.

We still get wonderful shows at these benefit performances. There was the superb colour and movement of the Monastery Scene

in "Decameron Nights," a bright Pinero trifle in which Miss Irene Vanbrugh and Mr. Dion Boucicault were at their most amusing best, and Miss Sybil Thorndike declaiming magnificently in the Shield Scene from "The Trojan Women." And we heard Joseph Hislop sing and Benno Moiseiwitsch play. It was a great afternoon.

### A Great Man Gone.

We have lost a really great man in Sir Walter Raleigh, Professor of English at Oxford. I have heard him described as a Don who was a man of the world, a wit who was never a cynic. His books on "Shakespeare" and "Style" remain memorable memorials of the man and of his work.

He was no pedant. His enthusiasm for a task in hand was sometimes boyish. I am thinking now of the way in which he tackled the official Air History.

Occasionally I saw his tall, impressive figure in the Authors' Club, Whitehall Court. He was always kind and helpful to those less learned than himself.

**The Cigar Way.** I had been having an amusing talk with a lady at a restaurant party the other day, and had been invited to call. The cigars were coming round. I refused the first brand offered, because I saw another kind, which I preferred,



THE QUIDNUNCS PLAY COWDRAY PARK AT RANELAGH: MAJOR G. KIRKWOOD AND LORD WIMBORNE.

Major G. Kirkwood played No. 1, and Lord Wimborne No. 3, in the Quidnuncs team which played Cowdray Park at Ranelagh recently and won by 11 goals to 6.—[Photograph by S. and G.]

coming round the table the opposite way. I explained my refusal.

"Oh," said the lady brightly, "you must be a terribly fastidious man. I shall never dare to invite you to luncheon."

I had an inspiration. I told her that port had always to go round to the left. It was correct for cigars to take the same course. She looked suspicious, and then said, "You are worse than I thought. You are particular as well as fastidious."

## A Rolls-Royce?



THE WAITRESS (*hastened, but not chastened*): Hurry up with that sausage-an'-mash. The gentleman's car's waiting!

DRAWN BY LONDON.



# Tales with a sting.

DON'T COUNT . . .

By LOUISE HEILGERS. (Author of "Tabloid Tales," etc.)

WHEN I tell you his first name was Reginald, that he lived in Jermyn Street, and had a predilection for Turkish baths, Turkish cigarettes, Turkish coffee, and flirtations mostly also *à la Turque*, you will not need to be told that, in addition, he resembled the lilies of the field in so far that he neither toiled nor spun.

It was true that he had an income by no means adequate to his needs; but, on the other hand, he possessed a valet almost as devoted to his master's interests as he was to his own, an infinite capacity for taking pains to avoid creditors that practically amounted to genius, and a talent for bridge that during the war had often stood him in good stead with his Colonel.

In his lighter moments he studied the effect of side-whiskers, suede shoes, and bottle-green evening suits upon a wide circle of acquaintances; in his more serious ones he practised golf; and in his emotional ones dreamed in the morning of the girl he had *not* met the evening before, and who contained within her all those essential essences of womanhood he had yet to come across.

Which brings us, of course, to the story.

Reginald, then, on one of those dull, misty days in December one most naturally associates with June rather than December, sat down to breakfast in a distinctly querulous mood.

"The kidneys are bitter, the bacon brine, the coffee undrinkable. Take it all away, Hopkins, and bring me a whisky-and-soda."

His languid glance wandered to the letters awaiting his attention on a distant sideboard.

"Anything in the mail this morning?"

"Yes, Sir." With the dexterity of one experienced to the job, Hopkins rapidly sorted the sheep from the goats and delivered the result to his employer upon a silver salver. "One, Sir."

Reginald scanned the coroneted envelope presented to him with disfavour—although the sight of that broad, sloping handwriting, only six weeks ago, had caused his heart to go pit-a-pat.

"Did I really promise to dine with her last night? Well, it's too late now, anyway." With which consoling reflection he dismissed both the lady and the letter permanently from his mind and sauntered towards the window.

Then suddenly, as he stared down at the damp, uninviting day stretching below, boredom dropped from him like a garment and his gaze grew eager.

For in the street below there waited a large open touring car, and in the car there sat a girl beautiful as a dream, and wrapped from head to foot in blue-fox furs of a quality that would have made even a furrier's mouth water.

"Miranda Smith, or I'm a Dutchman," Reginald said to himself softly.

Miranda Smith, the only daughter of the newest thing in millionaires to arrive in Park Lane via that most useful first aid to millionaire-dom—pork in its varied stages.

Reginald had never spoken to her in his life, but he recognised her easily. Her photograph had not been flashed abroad by countless Press agencies for nothing. Nobody who made a practice of glancing through the illustrated papers could fail to recognise Miranda Smith blooming there expensively like a Riviera rose upon the grey desert of that winter morning.

A smartly liveried, exceedingly dark, and rather sinister-looking chauffeur had dis-

mounted from the wheel and was bending over the inner mysteries of the car. Reginald watched the man curiously, and as he did so became aware of the fact that from various doorways and sheltering shop-fronts about half-a-dozen men of distinctly alien type were converging slowly but surely upon the big stationary car.

Jermyn Street, never a populous thoroughfare at eleven o'clock in the morning, stretched positively empty this dull, misty morning. It came to Reginald suddenly that it would be a simple thing for anybody so minded, and with a gang of hired Dagoes at his command, to abduct the millionaire's daughter where she sat and carry her off to ransom.

Especially if the chauffeur was in the plot. Snatching up a hat and coat from the hall as he dashed madly through, Reginald flashed down the stairs and out into the street below like a falling meteor.

Exactly one second later, in the most friendly and easy way in the world, he found himself smiling into the Naples-blue eyes of Miss Miranda Smith.

"How do you do, Miss Miranda? I say, how topping to come across you again like this. I was only wondering yesterday when I should meet you again. Beastly morning, what? But you're looking fit enough."

Making desperate conversation, Reginald was not too busy to note out of the tail of his eye that the sinister-looking chauffeur, suspending operations, had signalled to the dark-complexioned gentlemen in the background to stand back; that, indeed, four out of the six were already melting round the nearest corner.

"I don't think I know you, do I?" a cold little voice said suddenly then in his ear, and he discovered that Miranda was looking at him with an expression the reverse of friendly, while her delicately pencilled eyebrows seemed to have reached that high range devoted exclusively to the use of stars and millionaires' daughters.

Reginald smiled back at her reassuringly. "Sure you do," he retorted breezily. "We met at the Schaffhausens' a night or so back—we had a two-step together and a couple of fox-trots. Please don't say you have forgotten."

It was a shot in the dark, but he had gambled on the fact that if you were anybody at all in Society you couldn't escape the Schaffhausens any more than you could escape the Albert Memorial in Kensington. And the shot told. Insensibly Miranda's brow relaxed.

"Ah! Yes, I was there . . . But I dance with so many people . . . If I had to remember all my partners . . ." She shrugged imperceptibly.

"Not feeling any too amiable this morning, evidently," Reginald told himself. It was some consolation to notice that the sinister-looking chauffeur, having now apparently translated the remaining two foreign gentlemen into dew, was looking none too amiable either, as he stood at attention beside the door of the car, meekly awaiting the commands of his young mistress.

He had a curious sort of cast in one eye, Reginald observed, while, very curiously also, he wore thin gold earrings that showed up quite plainly beneath his chauffeur's cap. "With a red handkerchief round his head, and a couple of safety razors stuck in his belt, he'd make a first-class pirate," Reginald thought quickly.

And turned with renewed zest to Miranda.

"I say, I wish you'd let me drive home with you," he began cunningly. "I'm in a bit of a hurry, and I've got something most frightfully important I want to tell your father—something that won't keep." He could not resist a quick glance in the chauffeur's direction. It was certainly a fact that he wouldn't be kept once the father knew.

"My father?" Did he dream it, or was there a faint quiver of anxiety in Miranda's voice. A sudden new suspicion gripped Reginald. What if Miranda had been party to the infamous arrangement he had interrupted? What if the Dagoes had been merely window-dressing, hired to avert the paternal wrath from the man with the earrings? Girls had eloped with their chauffeurs before—why not again?

Miranda's voice, studiously calm now, reached him again. "If you have anything important to say to him, you might as well tell me—my father and I have no secrets."

"Haven't you? Haven't you?" Reginald said in his heart. Aloud:

"Thanks awfully, but I think I'll speak to father all the same," he said cheerfully; and before Miranda could prevent him, leapt to her side in the car.

For a second Miranda sat perfectly still, then, her breast heaving quickly, she leant forward and spoke a word or two in what sounded like Italian to the chauffeur.

A moment later and they were on their way to Piccadilly. Miranda, sitting bolt upright, very pink about the cheeks and very bright about the eyes, said nothing till the car swung into Park Lane.

Then, turning to him quickly, both little fists clenched, "If you think—if you think—" she said passionately, and broke off as suddenly as she had begun.

The car drew up before an imposing-looking house, and Miranda, without another word, got out and walked into the hall as the footman opened the door.

With a swift movement, Reginald got out in turn, and walking up to the unsuspecting chauffeur, gripped him firmly by the collar. "The game's up," he said sternly. "Come with me."

But with a movement equally swift, the other disengaged himself, and hitting Reginald a violent blow between the eyebrows, started to run away from him down Park Lane with the speed of a race-horse.

A few seconds later a very indignant millionaire was interviewing a rather dazed Reginald in a magnificent library, and asking him "what the deuce he thought he meant by it, eh?"

His bewildered look deepened at Reginald's explanation.

"Young man, you're drunk," was his curt comment. "I got a duchess's reference with that chap you've just been ju-jitsuing with outside my house. A damn good chauffeur he was, too. You'd better clear before I lose my temper—you might hear something you wouldn't like, else—"

There seeming nothing else to do under the circumstances, Reginald, depressed, accordingly cleared.

"That ends that," he thought, turning gloomily into his club. "I don't suppose I shall ever see her again."

He was wrong.

He saw her that very evening.

She was dining at the table next to his, at that very special and particular night club known to its habitués as the Lotus.

(Continued on page 311.)

## This Week's Studdy.



A LEG - PULL.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY G. E. STUDDY.

## Worn by a Sumptuous Brunette: The Spanish Shawl.



IN THE TITLE-RÔLE OF "CARMEN": MME. D'ALVAREZ, THE WELL-KNOWN PRIMA-DONNA.

Mme. Marguerite D'Alvarez is an ideal Carmen. To begin with, she looks the part, and, when swathed in a Spanish shawl and wearing the white mantilla which is the ceremonial dress of Spain, conjures up the very spirit of the classic story. Mme. D'Alvarez has been absent from London for

some time now, and has been having a great success on her world tour. She sang Dalila on the opening night of the New York season of the Chicago Opera Association in the early spring, and won tremendous success. She is now in Australia, and was due to appear in Melbourne this month.

*Photograph by Lassalle.*

## Worn by a Blonde English Beauty: The Spanish Shawl.



TO PLAY THE TITLE-RÔLE IN "THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY": MISS GLADYS COOPER.

Fashion still favours the richly embroidered and befringed Spanish shawl, and, though its many-coloured loveliness was originally designed to enhance the charms of dark Spanish beauties, it is equally becoming to the blonde Englishwoman, if she knows how to drape it gracefully round her slim figure. Our portrait of

Miss Gladys Cooper—the most typically English beauty among stage favourites—proves this. The announcement that Miss Cooper will be seen as the heroine of Pinero's famous play, "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," when it is revived at the Playhouse early in June, has aroused much interest.

*Photograph by Rita Martin.*



## CHERRY - BLOSSOM

This beautiful photograph was taken in the famous Shiba Park, Tokyo, by Mr. Herbert G. Ponting, F.R.C.S., the distinguished traveller, author and photographer, who has been in Japan since 1911, and who has taken many other beautiful photographs of the country, which the Prince of Wales must have seen.



SSOM TIME.

camera artist, writer of "In Lotus-Land," "The Great White South," and other works. This lovely scene is typical of the Japanese landscapes

# No Home Complete without One—the Inevitable Alsatian.



FORMERLY MISS HELEN BRIDGET GIBBS: MRS. IAN ORR-EWING AND—WOLF-DOG.

Every smart woman now owns an Alsatian wolf-dog—in fact, the breed holds the field for doggy popularity, although the Kerry is challenging its supremacy. Our page shows Mrs. Ian Orr-Ewing, the wife of Mr. Ian Leslie Orr-Ewing, son of the late Mr. Charles Lindsay Orr-

Ewing, M.P., fifth son of the first Baronet. She is the daughter of the late Hon. Henry Gibbs, youngest son of the first Lord Aldenham, was married in 1917, and has one little girl. Mr. and Mrs. Orr-Ewing's country house is The Gate House, Naworth.

PHOTOGRAPH EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH" BY MALCOLM ARBUTHNOT.

## One of Two Lovely Sisters.



FORMERLY MISS EVE GERARD-DICCONSON: MRS. J. E. H. BALFOUR.

Mrs. J. E. H. Balfour is the younger daughter of the late Captain the Hon. Robert Joseph Gerard-Dicconson, second son of the first Baron Gerard. She married Lieutenant-Colonel John Edmond Heugh Balfour, C.M.G., D.S.O., in 1910, and has a little daughter, born in

1912. Mrs. Balfour has one sister, Winefride Mary, who married Major-General Sir Thompson Capper, K.C.M.G., C.B., D.S.O., in 1908. He was killed in action, and she is now Mrs. Godfrey Newall Graburn. Both Mrs. Balfour and Mrs. Graburn are very lovely women.

*Portrait Study by Bertram Park.*

## Famous American Dancers in a Japanese Suite.



NOW APPEARING AT THE LONDON COLISEUM: MISS RUTH ST. DENIS AND MR. TED SHAWN.

Miss Ruth St. Denis and Mr. Ted Shawn and their company of dancers from "Denishawn" are now appearing at the London Coliseum. Their first programme included a very charming Japanese suite, in which Miss St. Denis appeared in the "Dance of the Flower Arrangement"

and Mr. Shawn took the rôle of the Coolie Flower-Seller. They were also seen in "Xochitl," a dance-drama based on a Toltec legend. For the benefit of those who are not strong in history, please note that the Toltecs were the predecessors of the Aztecs in Mexico!

*Photograph by Ira L. Hill.*



### A Lesson in the First Second.

There is, I think, a decided preponderance of opinion that of all the younger golfers—amateur and professional—who are making history, the most attractive to watch is Mr. Roger H. Wethered. From the moment that he takes up his position to hit the ball, he is the very embodiment of verve and *élan*. And for the onlooker who spends most of his spare hours trying to worry out the secret of success on the links, and who knows from the proclamations of the masters that they learnt much by studying the methods of good golfers, there is a lesson in the first second. It is the lesson of the Wethered waggle.

### An Important Trifle.

I am certain that full justice has never been done to the importance of the waggle at golf. You will find hardly a mention of it in textbooks; there is no professional who has a reputation for teaching a good waggle. It is a trilling little preliminary that can be performed in any fashion that the individual chooses—slowly and stiffly, quickly and freely, or even not at all. I am sure that the neglect of the waggle as an art is the cause of many of the scenes of despair that occur on Saturdays and Sundays—of successions of bad shots which cause their maker to go round like an unwilling slave, and declare at the end that he "will never play this confounded game again"—although he always does.

### The Muscle-Bound Swing.

Picture a typical waggle—typical especially of the player who has taken up the game more or less late in life. He places the club-head very carefully behind the ball, and then proceeds to pass it to and fro over that object—stiffly, slowly, and solemnly, as though he were trying the possibilities of mesmerising indiarubber with a piece of wood or iron. All the while his wrists are becoming more and more rigid. It is painfully obvious that he has them fixed and locked in such a way that there is no life in the movement of the club; it is inertia being pushed with the arms from left to right, right to left, and so forwards and backwards until the player feels that the time has come to begin the swing. All the while this rigidity is communicating itself to his arms and the rest of his body until, when at length

## Roger Wethered's Waggle. By R. Endersby Howard.

he takes the club back preparatory to hitting, he is in a condition of constriction.

### Wooden Wrists.

What may be termed the waggle constitute the precursor of stodgy, poky shots. They slow down everything. They make the entire swing stunted, lame, and irresolute. To realise that, you have only to stand beside a teeing ground and watch the couples driving in the junior medal competition. Almost every other one of them has these "wooden" wrists—and all because he has never bothered to think much about the waggle. And yet few wrists are naturally so stiff that they would not introduce a measure of freedom into the operation if they were ordered to do so. The "wooden" waggle is a habit rather than an infirmity.

suits him, but this prolongation of expectation would leave most people floundering in uncertainty.

### Brief, But Lively.

Mr. Wethered's waggle is simply an expression of ordinarily flexible wrists. I daresay he could make the operation much more ornate, for the way in which he hits the ball suggests that he must have wrists like finely tempered steel—very strong and yet pliable. Still, he does not use them to even the slightest degree of excess in this preliminary; he puts fire and life into the waggle without ever permitting the performance to become a spectacle of showy splendour. Indeed, it is about as brief and compact a waggle as waggle could be; but what you realise instinctively while he is doing it is that all the time he can "feel" the club-head answering to his every touch.

### Whippy Wagging.

That is a feeling which the player with "wooden" wrists never enjoys—unless, indeed, he seeks it with the aid of a very whippy shaft, which, at the best, is a treacherous form of help. The waggle with loose wrists comes easily to the person who has played golf from childhood—you will notice that every caddy has it—but I suppose there is no reason why anybody should wave the club-head to and fro over the ball in the dull, insensible way which one so often sees, and which must inevitably make for the constraint of the entire body.

### The Straight Left.

As for the rest of the educative aspect

of Mr. Wethered's style, there is no part of it that stands out more clearly than his observance of the principle of "the straight left." It is the straightness of his left arm which enables him to keep the club-head so close to the ground for so long a time in taking the club back, and again after the impact. Probably there is no prominent golfer with a straighter left than his; even does he urge that, for iron shots, the arm in question should be as near to the straightness of a poker as human being can manage. From time immemorial people have discussed whether the left or the right is the master hand in golf. We will not attempt to settle that now, but certain it is that a flabby left arm cannot be of much assistance. If the methods of all great players could be analysed down to the last detail, very likely we should find that they had one thing in common—a straight, strong-hitting left. At least, this is my feeling on the subject.

### A Quick Starter.

The man who is getting on in years, who never played golf in his younger days, and who, perhaps, never played any other game either, cannot hope to follow Mr. Wethered in all the dash and vigour of his methods. Here is a tall, slim young fellow of twenty-three, who steps up to the ball and places his feet in position with the alacrity and confidence of a wire-walker changing his attitude on the middle of the wire. He is certainly quicker than anybody I have ever seen in settling down to the address. His waggle, however, conveys a lesson that can be learnt at least in part. There are no fancy touches about it. It is very far from being exaggerated. It has none of the solemnity of Sandy Herd's preliminaries—for it is a byword that Herd never plays one of his best shots unless he addresses the ball seven times and flourishes the club at it in seven distinct waggles. Herd does well to follow the principle that



COMPETITORS IN THE LADIES' OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: A GROUP AT PRINCE'S, SANDWICH.

This photograph, which was taken at the first tee at Prince's, Sandwich, during the Ladies' Open Golf Championship, shows a group of competitors waiting for the "day's work" to begin. The group includes Miss Gourlay, Mrs. Dudley Charles, Miss Cecil Leitch, Mrs. R. R. Cruise, Miss Stuart French, and Miss Scroggie (in the background).—[Photograph by S. and G.]



## The Literary Lounger. By Keble Howard.

"Wells in Somerset."

There's an attractive title for you! And it is, as it happens, an actual phrase from Mr. H. G. Wells's new novel. But he would not call the book that. He called it "The Secret Places of the Heart"—a title with a Harley Street twang to it. Appropriate enough, for the book opens in Harley Street, and Harley Street is present at the finish.

It is rather amusing to trace, in imagination, the line of thought that may have led to "The Secret Places of the Heart." I seem to hear Mr. Wells saying to himself, "I am rather fagged. The public, too, is rather fagged. I will give them something light, something suitable for the beach, the hammock, or the railway train. I will have it published in May, and it shall be redolent of the sounds and scents of the sweet English countryside in May."

"To get my contrast, I will start off in Harley Street. I will have my man—he must be about fifty, the most interesting age for a man, the sort of age all the most interesting people of the day happen to be—I will have my man consulting a specialist about his nerves. He will be in a dejected mood. The specialist, of course, will prescribe a holiday, and that takes us into the English countryside, with "business" of pretty flowers smelling sweetly.

"Yes, but that's rather trite. Nothing original about that. I must improve on that. . . . Got it! I'll make him say to the specialist, rather in the manner of one of Bennett's cards, 'Look here! Why not come with me?' Nobody ever did that. People are too much in awe of specialists. Hardly think them human.

"Well, off they go in a two-seater. This tremendously interesting man, of fifty or so, and the Harley Street chap—very precise and formal and all that. Trying to keep up the patient-and-doctor rôle all the time.

"Then there must be a girl. Oh, yes, decidedly—a very delightful and wholly fascinating girl. What shall she be? A shop-girl? No. Been done to death. An actress? Lord, no! An American girl? Yes! Yes! Yes! An American girl with heaps of money and brains. Typical of the best American girl one meets. Yes, that'll please them, I think. I can do that.

"What next? I've got a lot of stuff in my head that I had to mug up for that history of the world. Why not use it? Stonehenge!

Avebury! Glastonbury! All that sort of thing! And the American girl would, of course, be studying these ancient ruins, not like a tourist, but with real intelligence. And I—that is to say, my hero—would help her. And they would, well, fall in love. . . . Yes. . . .

The Doctor in the Dickey.

with the companion.

"What next? What about the doctor? Oh, the doctor would have to be content

A good chance for character, the companion. Yes, but would he? In the dickey? Oh, Lord, that's funny! That's very funny! The doctor and the American companion in the little dickey! He'd never stand it! He'd protest, pompously! He'd be scandalised. 'I didn't come away with you for this sort of thing! I can't countenance all this philander-

Work—strenuous work. . . . Death. . . . If I can't make a nice little summer book out of that lot, then I'm not H. G. Wells. Have at it, my lad! Six weeks to a couple of months, and we're through."

Let me make it quite clear that this is not at all the book Mr. Wells eventually wrote. It is an outline of the story, but conveys nothing of the Wellsian character of the talk. Because, of course, it is nearly all talk. The first half is all talk—talk between the doctor and Sir Richmond. Sir Richmond made up his mind to let the doctor have a look at the secret places of his heart. He would tell this man all the things that men do not tell their doctors. All the things that they do not tell anybody. He would hold his heart up to the light, and the doctor should peer and peer until the secret places were photographed on his brain. Then there would be one doctor in the world, anyway, who understood his patient.

How They Talk.

You can imagine these conversations. Well, can you? Let me give you

a line to go on—

"The wonder is not that you are sluggish, reluctantly unselfish, inattentive, spasmodic.

The wonder is that you are ever anything else. Do you realise that a few million generations ago [what did I tell you about the history?] everything that stirs in us, everything that exalts human life, self-devotions, heroisms, the utmost triumphs of art, the love—for love it is—that makes you and me care indeed for the fate and welfare of all this round world, was latent in the body of some little lurking beast that crawled and hid among the branches of vanished and forgotten Mesozoic trees? A petty egg-laying, bristle-covered beast it was, with no more of the rudiments of a soul than bare hunger, weak lust and fear. . . . People always seem to regard that as a curious fact of no practical importance. That is what you are made of. Why should you expect—because a war and a revolution have shocked you—that you should suddenly be able to reach up and touch the sky?

That's the doctor. It has to be the doctor, because Sir Richmond, the hero of the story, is an expert on fuel, not the origins of species. The doctor, however, does not get many chances after this. Sir Richmond quickly tumbled to the fact that the doctor had a lot to say if only he were allowed to say it. But Sir Richmond had more to say, and meant to say it, so he interrupts the doctor in the rudest way.

(Continued overleaf.)



THE DAUGHTER OF THE WELL-KNOWN NOVELIST, MME. MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN, AS A DANCER: MISS MAISIE CURTIN; AND HER PARTNER, MR. MICHAEL RINDER.

Miss Maisie Curtin is the daughter of Mme. Marthe Trolly-Curtin, the well-known novelist and author of "Phrynette," and "Phrynette Mariée." She and her partner, Mr. Michael Rinder, are experts in the latest form of the tango, and recently gave an exhibition of it at the Cecil.

ing! And so on. . . . We're getting it. . . .

"And the finish. My man is married. Of course. He would be married. Bolt with the girl? No. Must cut the tangle somehow. 'I could not love thee, dear, so much?' Yes, I think so. And then, dash it, I'll kill him! I'll complicate him with a mistress, a wife, and a charming love affair, and then let him die alone! All alone! Good! Strong!

"Now let's lay out our materials on the table and have a look at 'em. What have we got? Harley Street. (Always effective.) Motoring. Geology. History. Love. Comic companion. Disquisitions on all things in the earth and in the waters under the earth. Separation. Bath (City of). Moonlight,



NOW DANCING NIGHTLY AT CIRO'S: SAMYA AND SAWYER.

Samya and Sawyer are the dancers who made such a phenomenal success at Monte Carlo last winter. They are now dancing nightly at Ciro's Club, and are captivating London.—[Photograph by Reudlinger.]

# The Butterfly Woman: America's Thistledown Dancer.



ELFIN GRACE AMID THE FIELD FLOWERS: LADA DANCING.

Lada is the wonderful American dancer whose elfin grace and movements of butterfly lightness place her in the highest category. She is perhaps the first original dancer in America, and has done much of her dancing in conjunction with the New York Symphony Orchestra. One of Lada's

peculiarities is that she is a spontaneous artist and has had no instruction. She originates her own dances, as well as her costumes and settings. The photographs on this page were taken at Seattle, Washington, where Lada's country home is situated.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANCIS ARTHUR JONES, EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."

Continued.]

"Dr. Martineau sat without a word. -  
 "... I can believe that over all things [this is the other fellow] Righteousness rules. I can believe that. But righteousness is not friendliness nor mercy nor comfort nor any such dear and intimate things. This cuddling up to Righteousness! It is a dream, a delusion and a phase. I've tried all that long ago. I've given it all up long ago. I've grown out of it. Men do—after forty. Our souls were made in the squatting-place of the submen of ancient times. They are made out of primitive needs, and they die before our bodies as those needs are satisfied. Only young people have souls, complete. The need for a personal God, feared but reassuring, is a youth's need. I no longer fear the Old Man nor want to propitiate the Old Man nor believe he matters any more. I'm a bit of an Old Man, myself, I discover. Yes . . ."

#### Post-Prandial Callisthenics.

It was after dinner, I must tell you, that Sir Richmond, the fissirostral conversationalist, discovered and explained to the temporarily winded doctor that he was a bit of a God himself. They were at some Maidenhead pub., sitting in wide-armed cane chairs on the lawn. "A few other diners chatted and whispered about similar tables, but not too close to our talkers to disturb them."

That was a pity. I think the other diners should have gathered round to hear what this very learned and voluble gentleman had to say. What on earth is the good of capering like that after dinner unless you have an audience? You could not call Dr. Martineau an audience. He was a sufferer. We have seen that he could talk himself in much the same strain. They could both do it. But Sir Richmond talked faster and with greater energy. He also talked to startle. He wanted to make the doctor sit up.

Perhaps Mr. Wells, through Sir Richmond, wanted to make us sit up. In fact, he seems obsessed with the desire to make everyone sit up. A good enough desire; the question is whether the method he employs is the most effective possible?

**A Still, Small Voice.** An old-fashioned word comes to me out of the hazy past—"convincing." In the old days, novelists used to try to make their characters "convincing." They had a notion that unless the reader believed in the character, unless the character lived for the reader, nothing that the character said or did would matter a ha'porth of gin. So they strove—or it may have come easily to them—to make their people talk and behave in a natural manner.

They were not always successful. It is not such an easy thing to do as non-practitioners in the art of fiction believe. But they did try, and they were often successful. Our most prominent modern novelists do not even try. Realism has gone by the board long ago. "They shall say what I want them to say, whether it sounds natural and reasonable or not. The message I have to deliver to the world through the mouths of my characters is far more important to the world than any artistic effect. . . ."

That would be the retort of Mr. Wells, I feel sure. Personally, I think it a pity. I don't think we do really want any message from Mr. Wells (this is an awful thing to say, I know, but I, too, have a little courage), but we do want more of those perfectly faithful and humorous studies from actual life which he can give us whenever he chooses. As an old admirer, I would beg of him to give the Universe—his King Charles's head—a rest. The poor old universe will continue to advance precisely one inch every thousand years, and

all the preaching, and writing, and talking will never accelerate the pace by the millionth part of a barleycorn. But example will, and example alone.

Here endeth the lesson.



**A NINETEEN-YEAR-OLD SWIMMING CHAMPION WHO WILL TRY TO SWIM THE CHANNEL IN AUGUST: MISS IVY HAWKE.**

Miss Hawke can claim to be the champion long-distance swimmer of Surrey. Last September she swam twenty-three miles in twelve and a half hours on a neap tide, and she won the shield and gold medal of the Surrey Ladies' Swimming Club in 1918, 1919, and 1920.

Photograph by Vaughan and Freeman.



**THE £2,000,000 GIRL OF EIGHTEEN: MISS FRANCIS.**

Miss Francis, the daughter of Major Francis Francis, is making her début this year, and her father has taken 21, Upper Grosvenor Street from Mrs. G. L. Bevan, wife of the former Chairman of the City Equitable Insurance Company, for the season. Miss Francis is one of the world's greatest heiresses, as her grandmother left a fortune of four million pounds to be divided between her and her brother.—[Photograph by Farrington Photo Co.]

**Mr. Belloc's King Charles's Head.**

Mr. Wells is not the only writer with a King Charles's head always hovering before his mental vision. Most of us have one. Mr. Hilaire Belloc has indulged his beloved passion to the extent of a whole long volume called boldly "The Jews."

He is *not*, you must understand, an anti-Semite. To make that quite clear he dedicates his volume—I need hardly say, an extremely thoughtful and well-written volume—to his secretary, "the best and most intimate of our Jewish friends, to whom my family and I will always owe a deep debt of gratitude."

Oh, dear, no. Don't run away with the shallow, conventional idea that Mr. Belloc is an anti-Semite. No man of his ability and breadth of mind would be guilty of such folly. Read the concluding words of the volume, "Peace be to Israel." (What a title that would have made!) The only question to be solved is this—how shall Israel get that peace? Can she have it without a full recognition of separate nationality?

That is the solution advanced by Mr. Belloc.

"I repeat the formula for a solution; it is recognition and respect. Recognition is here no more than the telling of the truth; there is a Jewish nation. Jews are citizens of that nation, and recognition means not only the telling of this truth on special occasions, but the use of it as a regular habit in our relations on both sides."

Mr. Belloc, therefore, would not quarrel, I presume, with this simple syllogism

No man can have two nations.

There is a Jewish nation; therefore,

The Jew is not a member of our nation.

If that is sheer love for Israel, Israel may ask to be preserved from her lovers. And we, in our turn, may ask to be preserved from the lovers of Israel. We owe much to Israel—as, for example, a leavening of intelligence and artistic impulse and appreciation. As for "friction"—well, there are other people I would sooner segregate or nationalise. Yes, Sir, and "Christian gentlemen" at that!

**"Mortal Coils."** It is rather wonderful, surely, that in these days of depression in the publishing trade (by the way, was the publishing trade ever gay and exhilarated? I never met a publisher who

was not losing heavily, my dear boy, on every book)—it is rather wonderful, I say, that such tiny little volumes as "Mortal Coils," by Aldous Huxley, should come on the market. Of course, mere length is no guarantee of value, but here we have four stories and a little play, with a great deal of margin, and such titles as "The Gioconda Smile" and "Permutations among the Nightingales."

Clever, you see. All tremendously clever, and only to be read in certain attitudes. A different attitude, physical and mental, for each story. If possible, a different climate. And, most certainly, the proper eclectic costume.

"Behind the trees the ground slopes steeply down and down to an old city in the valley below, of whose invisible presence you are made aware by the sound of many bells wafted up from a score of slender towers in a sweet and melancholy discord that seems to mourn the passing of each successive hour." (Stage direction.)

That is the sort of thing they would do so exquisitely in any West End theatre. "Got them chiming ready, 'Arry? Righteo. . . . Stand by! Let 'er go!"

However, I am evidently not one of the elect. I should be stoned out of Chelsea in less than ten minutes. I could never wreathe my form into mortal coils. I am a completely inefficient coiler. And then, you know, there is always the danger that one may ask what things mean. Nothing could be more *bête* than that.

The Secret Places of the Heart. By H. G. Wells. (Cassell; 7s. 6d. net.)

The Jews. By Hilaire Belloc. (Constable; 9s. net.)

Mortal Coils. By Aldous Huxley. (Chatto and Windus; 6s. net.)

## Princess Mary's Sister-in-Law.



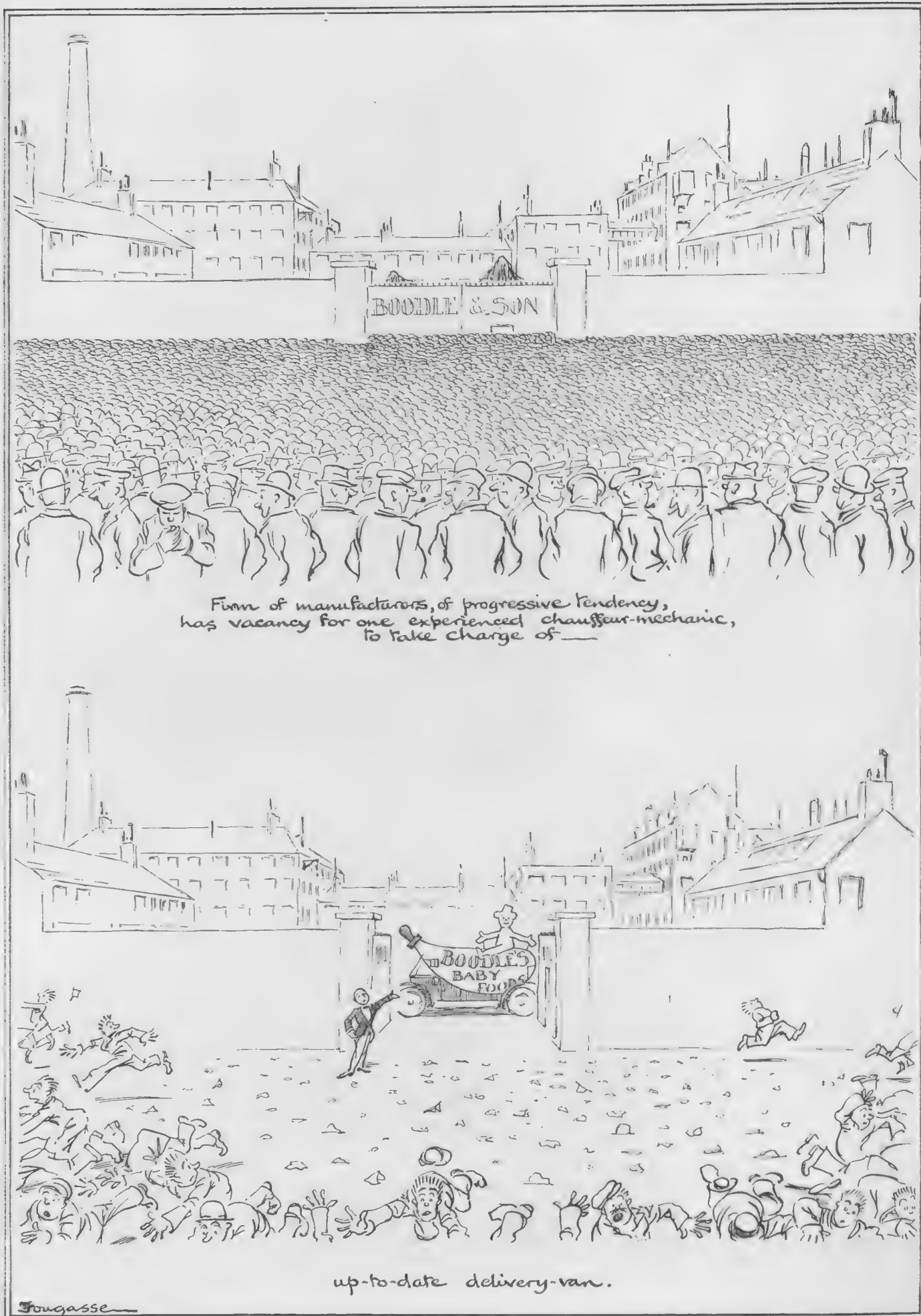
THE ONLY DAUGHTER OF THE EARL OF HAREWOOD:  
VISCOUNTESS BOYNE, C.B.E.

Viscountess Boyne, the only daughter of the Earl and Countess of Harewood, and sister of Viscount Lascelles, K.G., is Princess Mary's sister-in-law. She was married in 1906, and has four sons and one daughter. Her boys—the Hon. Gustavus Lascelles, the Hon. Richard Gustavus, the Hon. John and the Hon. Desmond Claud Hamilton-Russell—were born in 1907, 1909, 1911, and 1917, and her girl, the Hon. Rosemary

Katherine Hamilton-Russell, in 1921. Viscountess Boyne, who is a Lady of Grace of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem in England, did excellent work during the war, and was awarded the C.B.E. She was Director of Brancepeth Castle Military Hospital from 1914 to 1919. Brancepeth is Lord Boyne's seat in Durham. He also owns Burwarton, Bridgenorth, Salop; and Belgrave House, Belgrave Square, is his town house.

Photograph by C. Vandyk.

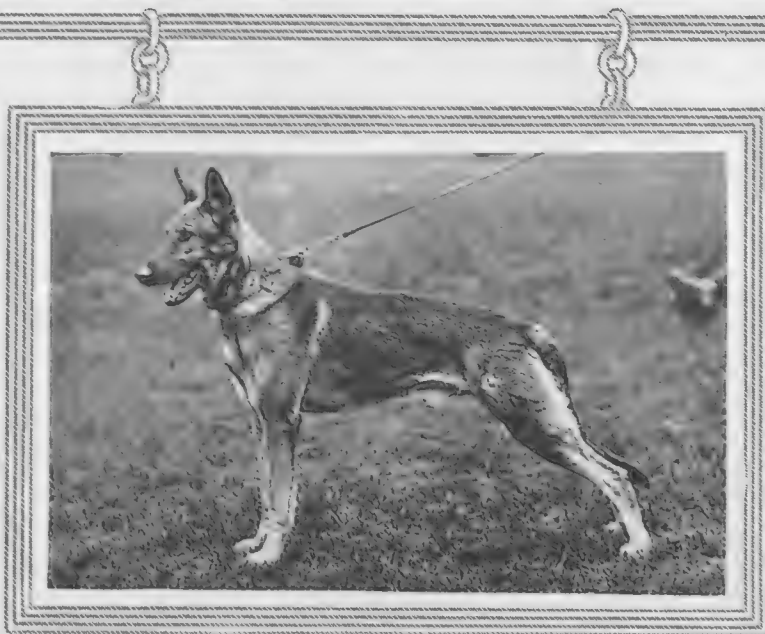
# Situation Vacant.



"MAKES MODEST MECHANICS."

DRAWN BY FOUGASSE.

# All that an Alsatian Wolf-Dog Should Be.



THE PROPERTY OF MR. H. A. FISHER: AJAX NIEDERWIL.

This handsome animal is all that a perfect Alsatian wolf-dog should be. He is, in fact, a beauty of the first water, and when he was shown recently at Bath, he captured two first prizes and a championship. Everyone now loves an Alsatian wolf-dog (unless they have remained

faithful to Pokes, or have been won by the new attractions of the Kerry Blue), so these fine camera-portraits of Ajax Niederwil will appeal to the majority of our readers. The Alsatian wolf-dog is a delightful pet as well as being a very handsome animal.

*Photographs by S. and G.*

## The Lights of Paris.



**Radiant May.** The month of May is the month of First Communions, the month of *muguet*, the month of Joan of Arc, the month of weddings, the month of new hats and fresh dresses. The month of May is the Paris month *par excellence*. Never is the city so pretty. Its boulevards and avenues are radiant with sunlight, beaming through the young foliage of the trees. And one feels a sense of relief in discarding heavy furs. Lighter garments appear. Mimi Pinson looks much happier and prettier under her enflowered straw hat. The gardens are alive again. In the Luxembourg the young students have found again their accustomed places, sitting with their backs against the pedestals of the Queens of France.

**White Muslin.** The streets are brightened by the *Premières Communiantes*. In their long white frocks, enwrapped in their cloudy muslin veils, they walk, conscious of their prestige. The little boys wear their new suits with elaborate fringed arm-bands, and they, too, feel very proud. It is a great event in the family, and the occasion of a fête. It is also a pleasant break in the school term, an interval during which one is free of lessons and tasks, during which one is the cynosure of all eyes.

**Fête du Muguet.** In May the streets are fragrant with little push-carts full of lily-of-the-valley. All the *midinettes* adorn their corsage with a little branch of the white *clochettes*. Paris had its *fête du muguet*. In the old quarters of the Louvre and the Halles a *cortège* defiled. There was the *Char du Muguet*, which was so profusely enflowered that its four mules almost disappeared in the perfumed white cloud. Pretty girls escorted the *fleur de Mai*—or was it the *fleur de Mai* which escorted the pretty girls? All the *Mi-Carême* queens were present. The *Reine des Reines*—Mlle. Buchet, who is soon to appear at the *Théâtre de Verduze*—was wearing her gala dress with her Court mantle. But the heroine of the day was Mlle. Grenèche, the *Reine du Muguet*, who had arrived from Rambouillet, the home of the quivering *clochettes*. The *Forts des Halles*, the most sturdy workers of the capital, were leading the *défilé*, and looked splendid under their gigantic hats.

**An Historic Fair.** If the capital has been gay with flowers, it has also been gay with flags floating at all the windows on the route of the procession in honour of Joan of Arc. Paris lends itself beautifully to decorations and illuminations. The Tricolour played a conspicuous part among the blue-and-white of *Sainte-Jeanne d'Arc's* flaunting *étendards*. The Sixth Arrondissement, so full of old remembrances, held a beautiful festival in honour of the French heroine. A solemn Mass was celebrated at Saint-Sulpice Church, with songs and music

by Vincent d'Indy; and in the evening the Maid of Orléans, impersonated by a charming girl of eighteen, appeared in shining armour, on horseback, accompanied by pages, heralds, horsemen, knights, nobles—500 personages in all. But this *cortège historique* was only part of the programme. For several days we had on the Place Saint-Sulpice a reconstitution of the old Saint-Germain Fair, which from the Middle Ages to the Revolution was a centre of pleasure as



THE FILM-STAR-BECOME-ACTRESS FLIES AN AEROPLANE ROUND THE STAGE: MISS PEARL WHITE AT THE CASINO DE PARIS.

Miss Pearl White, the famous film star, caused a great stir in Paris when she appeared in the revue, "La Revue des Etoiles," at the Casino de Paris. One of her "stunts" was to fly an aeroplane round the auditorium. This was, of course, a clever trick, but the actress had to take a certain amount of risk to carry it out.—[Photograph by Henri Manuel.]

well as of business. Fifteenth-century houses and little shops had been set up. They were peopled by men and women in mediæval costumes who were selling antiques, old books, ancient gold and silver wares, and old laces.



THE HEROINE OF A SKETCH WHICH WAS "HELPED" BY A CINEMA SECTION: MISS PEARL WHITE.

Miss Pearl White appeared in an extraordinary sketch in "La Revue des Etoiles," at the Casino de Paris. It was entitled "The Virgin of Michigan," and its story was unfolded partly by the screen, partly on the stage, and, finally, in the body of the theatre. The Casino de Paris has now, unfortunately, been burnt out. The fire took place recently, and has done much damage.—[Photograph by Henri Manuel.]

### Open-Air Acting.

The picture would have been incomplete without the open-air stage—the *tré-taux* of the old days. The *Vieux-Colombier*, headed by M. Jacques Copeau, revived the old *tré-taux* and played with extraordinary verve "Les Fourberies de Scapin" of Molière. There was also a tavern with its old *clientèle* of *seigneurs* and vagrants, *damoiseaux* and purse-snatchers, and a *salle* where ancient dances were recalled.

### Society Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Sally Beecher with the Comte de Luppé, which took place in the Church of the Madeleine at Paris, attracted an unusually large assembly of both French and American society. This marriage is the result of a romance which began two years ago, when Miss Beecher was residing in Paris with her aunt and uncle, Mrs. and Mr. Hugh C. Wallace, then American Ambassador, and met the Comte de Luppé, who is decorated with

the Legion of Honour and the Croix de Guerre. Miss Beecher was an exceedingly charming bride. She was dressed in a gracefully draped gown of white satin girdled with orange-blossom. Her veil was of old lace—an heirloom which has long been in the family of the bridegroom. Her Court train was borne by two small pages—the son of the Vicomtesse de Mareuil and the son of the Duchesse Decazes.

### Lord Derby Present.

The gathering was Franco-Anglo-American. Mme. Millerand (wife of the President of the Republic), Mme. Poincaré (wife of the French Premier), were present, as well as the most representative members of French aristocracy. The witnesses were the American Ambassador, Mr. Myron T. Herrick, and Lord Derby, former British Ambassador in France, for the bride; the Marquis de Luppé and Marquis d'Oilliamson for the bridegroom. The Comte and Comtesse de Luppé left after the reception for their honeymoon, which they will spend on the Count's estate, the Château Saint-Adit, in the Hautes-Pyrénées.

### Black Again.

Much black was worn, though some touches of colour were noticeable here and there. The Duchesse Decazes had a black dress embroidered in fine steel beads. Another gown was black brocaded in gold; a third was adorned with blue sequins. Other hues worn were pale-grey, biscuit, orchid colour. But the hats broke away from the dark and the pale note. They were red, or blue, or fuchsia, and were cheerful as the assembly passed out of the church into the brilliant sunshine. [JEANNETTE.]



"COCAINE": TONY FRAZER IN A LIMEHOUSE  
OPIUM DEN.



"COCAINE": HILDA BAYLEY SUCCUMBS TO THE TEMPTATIONS  
OF DOPE.

### PLAYS YOU MUST SEE.

- "LOYALTIES"; AND "SHALL WE JOIN THE LADIES?" (ST. MARTIN'S).  
One of the best Galsworthy plays, dealing with a theft case in high Society. Excellent characterisation and capital acting throughout. Followed by Barrie's very amusing "unfinished" work.
- "THE LADY OF THE ROSE" (DALY'S).  
The best Daly piece since the war. Good music and, for a change, an interesting plot. Especially notable for a fine performance by Harry Welchman. Phyllis Dare and Huntley Wright at their best.

### "THE BEGGAR'S OPERA" (LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH).

Mr. Gay's famous Operetta is presented in C. Lovat Fraser settings. "Revised" version, with songs originally omitted.

### "ORPHANS OF THE STORM" (SCALA).

A Griffith film play of the French Revolution, of the very best type, convincing and exciting.

### EXCEPTIONALLY GOOD PLAYS.

1. "THE SIGN ON THE DOOR" (PLAYHOUSE).  
A Murder-Mystery Drama; and a magnificent piece of acting by Gladys Cooper. Altogether a "gripping" play.
2. "AMBROSE APPLEJOHN'S ADVENTURE" (CRITERION).  
Charles Hawtrey in perfection as his stage self and as a "tuppenny"-coloured, Skeltery pirate with "scummy" oaths.
3. "DEAR BRUTUS" (WYNDHAM'S).  
Barrie's interesting comedy. A welcome revival.
4. "TONS OF MONEY" (SHAFTESBURY).  
Very funny English farce. Ralph Lynn and Yvonne Arnaud first-rate.
5. "A TO Z" (PRINCE OF WALES'S).  
New version, with new songs, dresses, scenes, etc.; with Miss Maisie Gay, on her return to London, Miss Teddie Gerard, Mr. Jack Buchanan, and Miss "Gertie" Lawrence still in form. In every way "a jolly good show."
6. "THE WHEEL" (APOLLO).  
The triangle (Eternal, not Y.M.C.A.) in India. Picturesque and poignant drama. Brilliant acting by Phyllis Neilson-Terry.
7. "ROUND IN 50" (LONDON HIPPODROME).  
Most amusing, and charmingly spectacular. A very modern sequel to Jules Verne's "Round the World in Eighty Days." George Robey at his best; and excellent work by Barry Lupino, Renée Reel, and others.
8. "THE BAT" (ST. JAMES'S).  
A mass of familiar detective complications; with a mystery very well sustained.
9. BRITISH OPERA (COVENT GARDEN).  
Season of opera in English. Very well worth attending.
10. "OTHER PEOPLE'S WORRIES" (KINGSWAY).  
By R. C. Carton. Quite amusing. Miss Compton characteristic. Also Athene Seyler capital; and C. M. Lowe, Edmund Willard, Compton Courtis, and Forrester Harvey.
- \*11. "WHIRLED INTO HAPPINESS" (LYRIC).  
A merry musical comedy with bright music. Billy Merson, Lily St. John, Mai Bacon, Austin Melford, and Tom Walls very good.



BANNED BY THE BRITISH BOARD OF FILM CENSORS  
AND THE L.C.C., BUT EXHIBITED IN MANCHESTER AND  
ELSEWHERE: THE FILM "COCAINE"—THE HORRIBLE  
END OF THE DRUG-TAKER.

### PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING.

1. "WINDOWS" (COURT).  
An interesting and extremely well acted Galsworthy comedy.
2. "POT LUCK" (VAUDEVILLE).  
Revue intime.
3. "SALLY" (WINTER GARDEN).  
Musical comedy.
4. "IF FOUR WALLS TOLD" (ROYALTY).  
Edward Percy's play; with Edyth Goodall.
5. "THE CARD-PLAYERS" (SAVOY).  
Rather long; but well acted and well written.
6. "QUALITY STREET" (HAYMARKET).  
A Barrie play.
7. "THE MAN IN DRESS CLOTHES" (GARRICK).  
French farce.
8. "THE CO-OPTIMISTS" (PALACE).  
A "Follyish" show.
9. "DECAMERON NIGHTS" (DRURY LANE).  
Very beautiful spectacle.
10. THE GRAND GUIGNOL (LITTLE THEATRE).  
New series of plays, which will be replaced on May 31 with a series to include new plays and a revival of "The Hand of Death."
11. "MR. WU" (NEW).  
Matheson Lang and Lillian Braithwaite in their original parts.
12. "THE CURATE'S EGG" (AMBASSADORS).  
Nelson Keys' Revue.
13. "TILLY OF BLOOMSBURY" (STRAND).  
Arthur Bourchier in his old part.
14. "LASS O' LAUGHTER" (QUEEN'S).  
Sweetly sentimental comedy. "Peg o' My Heart"-ish.
15. "HIS GIRL" (GAIETY).  
Musical Comedy.

It should be noted that the opinion here given is purely editorial and entirely unprejudiced, and for the benefit of those who are not regular visitors to town, and have but a short time at their disposal. It must be emphasised that there are other entertainments quite

worth seeing. None of these "mentions" is paid for. Productions too late for this list will be "placed" in our next number. We give the plays mentioned in the order of their merit according to our opinion. \* First mention in our list.

## A Fisherwoman and Her Record Wye Salmon.



WITH THE FORTY-FIVE-POUNDER CAUGHT IN THE ROARING ROCKS: MRS. REGINALD BEDDINGTON.

Mrs. Reginald Beddington landed the largest salmon ever caught by a lady on the Wye when fishing there early this month. It was a 45-pounder, fresh-run; and was 51½ inches long and 24 inches in girth. It was

caught in the Roaring Rocks, at Hampton Bishop, with one of Hatton's 2½ Brown and Silver Devons, and only took ten minutes to land. The fish was a six-year-old maiden fish: two years in river and four years in the sea.

Born 1820 — Still going Strong!



THE GEORGE, Glastonbury.

Another old pilgrims' hostel built by the monks of the Middle Ages, and once the resting place of King Henry VIII, with Gothic frontage practically unaltered since the fifteenth Century.

HISTORICAL SPIRIT SERIES NO.

Shade of Henry VIII: "Yes, JOHNNIE WALKER, you embody all my song implied :

'Pastime with good company I love, and shall until I die, judge who will, but not deny'."

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.

## The OPEN ROAD IS CALLING

Spring has come and a pleasant vision of the green English countryside will slip into mind. It's dull and stuffy in town—out in the country freshness wakes one into new life and the gay stirrings of spring disturb one's serious thoughts of work. You will realise this suddenly — *and you'll find the open road is calling.* What about your car? Is it in perfect order? Tyres good? Chassis sound? Why not take it along to Shaw & Kilburn and have it thoroughly overhauled ready for the gay days to come? Or, if you are going to buy a car (new or second-hand) choose one in Shaw & Kilburn's showrooms, and ever afterwards have their service at your back.

Spring is here and the country is beckoning—is *your* car ready, eager for the road?

## IS YOUR CAR READY?

## ARE YOU READY FOR THE ROAD?



SHAW & KILBURN have the largest service station in the Kingdom. They can do anything any car ever needs, and do it quickly, thoroughly, cheaply. They employ a large number of expert mechanics who are *really interested in each of your motor-needs.*

### ABOUT BUYING CARS

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EVERYTHING for the MOTORIST—INCLUDING THE CAR.

# Motor Dicta. By Heniochus.



## The Sportsman's Cup.

Sporting motorists are to be given a chance to drive as fast as they can in the Isle of Man on Tuesday, June 20, for the Royal Automobile Club is organising a road race for amateurs two days previous to the Tourist Trophy races. This event will be for cars of the "sporting" type, as distinct from the pure racing machine, and the engines in the competitors' mounts must not exceed 1600

especially at the Hydro, though I remember a celebrated tug-of-war in that ball-room that nearly eclipsed all the dancing for many nights to come. But motoring was young then, and the participants in that frolic are now grandfathers, or hoping to be so in due course. This time the present generation will have to conduct themselves in a seemly fashion, at least for that night, as they return here three days later for the

night of the 9th, and it would be a bit of a blow if the management closed the door against them when they made their second visit. But it is not likely to happen, as the Bohemian spirit of Trials is gone, and business only is meant nowadays, as competition to sell the goods is keener. From Pitlochry a circular route will bring the competitors to Inverness, where they stay for the nights of June 7 and 8, to return, as I said, to Pitlochry on the evening of the 9th, and to Glasgow, the finishing point, on June 10. This trip will be 1000 miles in that week, and by the time it is over we shall all know which are

is particularly pleased. Personally, if my car runs all right, I leave it alone and pay the petrol bill, which is a small affair when you come to think of it, compared with that presented by the innkeeper after luncheon for the party. Though I fully appreciate the advantages of getting forty miles to the gallon, so far I have never managed to find any car of mine to do this, though some of my friends try and persuade me that their buses run somewhere near it.

## Motor-Car Production.

Looking through the New York newspapers recently, I noticed that the American motor-car manufacturers expect to sell 2,000,000 cars this season. Also that the Wolseley Works output of cars is over 100 a week just now, and that of the Swift Company about 70 cars, to say nothing of what Vauxhall, B.S.A., Morris-Oxford, plus Cowley, Austin, Crossley, Ford at Manchester, Overland-Crossley, Arrol-Johnston are doing; while Rolls-Royce, Daimler, Napier, and Lanchester are not exactly idle. As for the tiny brigade—Rover, Belsize, G.N.; and A.B.C.—these seem to swarm on our roads down south, so I expect they are busy. In the meantime, some people must be buying Sunbeams, Talbots, and Talbot-Darracqs, as they are by no means rarities on our highways. In fact, our total British production appears to be in the neighbourhood of 35,000 cars this year as against the U.S.A.'s 2,000,000. As there are only about 300,000 private motor-cars owned in Great Britain, according to the figures published by the Ministry of Transport, it is not difficult to understand that competition is fierce here. No wonder that Michelin has re-issued a new edition of the Michelin guide-book to the roads of Great Britain, with thirty

the light cars, that can stand the test—and any other one after this course is completed.

## Petrol-Saving Devices.

I have just received Mr. A. J. Dew's catalogue of motor accessories, a won-

derful volume full of information of the latest gadgets for motorists of all descriptions; and the devices that are herein shown for saving petrol, giving extra air, and improved carburettors are legion. Which reminds me that a Liverpool engineer has invented another new carburettor, styled the Vedex, which is stated to save half the petrol bill. The advantages claimed for the Vedex are that in place of letting the petrol pass up into the induction-pipe in a liquid spray, it is volatilised or turned into gas in the carburettor itself, so only the vapour of the spirit is used economically. With no

waste of petrol spray, greater mileage per gallon is effected, and, moreover, better acceleration given to the engine. But the proof of all such novelties is in the practical demonstrations in the hands of the ordinary motorist, and one owner who tried it



LADY GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP COMPETITORS WATCHING THEIR RIVALS FROM A CAR: DR. ALEXANDER, MISS LOBBETT, MISS CECIL LEITCH, AND MISS G. BASTIN.

The weather was not all that could be desired during the later stages of the Ladies' Open Golf Championship at Prince's, Sandwich. These distinguished competitors were very wise to watch the play of their rivals from the shelter of this car.

pages of maps, and all about the new system of road-numbering by the M. of T. that is going to make travel easier to parts unknown, to encourage more car-buying. It always was a fund of useful information, and the 1922 edition is more up to date than ever.



THE LADY OF THE ROSE AT THE WHEEL: MISS PHYLLIS DARE AND HER NEW CAR.

Miss Phyllis Dare, the leading lady in the Daly's success, "The Lady of the Rose," is a keen motorist. She is shown with her new 10-15-h.p. Fiat coupé.

cubic centimetres total cylinder capacity. The prize is the "Sportsman's Cup," and the object of the R.A.C. is to encourage the sport of motor-racing by private owners. This is the first time that a road race has been organised to give the amateur driver a chance to compete with his fellow-amateurs, and not against the professional, as is usually the case. Both drivers and the "mechanic" assistants must be of this status. Also, the entrance fee is to be a small nominal figure; consequently, I look forward to a large entry from owners of the sporting models of the various "light cars" now so often to be seen on the highways. I expect this will be a real day's outing for both spectators and competitors, as the roads of the Isle of Man set out for the 37½-miles course include some fast stretches. For further particulars motorists must apply to the R.A.C. at Pall Mall, and there is no time to waste if you want to enter in the hope of lifting the cup.

## Scottish Six Days' Trial.

Though the actual route of the Royal Scottish Automobile Club's six-days re-

liability trial for light cars has not been divulged outside the committee-room, the club has issued a memorandum in regard to the stopping places for the nights. Leaving Glasgow on June 5, the destination is Oban, that well-known pleasure resort, where, if possible, one rests the night. The last time I was there in the Scottish Trials, rest was about the last thing I could get, as Harry Tate started to learn the bagpipes, and was not content to stick to the chanter, but insisted on the whole bag of tricks. It is many years ago, but, all the same, it is a joyful memory. By devious roads over mountain, glen, and moor, those that have survived the night at Oban will attempt to arrive at Pitlochry and have another peaceful (?) night. Pitlochry loves dancing,

## Plays — Without Prejudice.

### ON PLAYS IN PICTURES.

#### The Cultured Touch.

You remember the sort of person who writes a chatty and informative article about "Sneezes in Fiction." An extremely cultured person. Full of quiet and recondite information upon books which no one ever reads. And an extremely high-browed article which provokes letters from old gentlemen in Bath pointing out the omission of the catastrophic sneeze by which Miss Murgatroyd betrayed her fatal passion in "Will He



MRS. MARCH GETS "MUZZY": MISS IRENE ROOKE IN "WINDOWS."

"Windows," by John Galsworthy, was produced on April 25 at the Court Theatre, by Mr. Leon M. Lion, as one of the "Galsworthy Cycle" he has been giving at the Sloane Square Theatre. Miss Irene Rooke plays Mrs. March, and gives a fine display of acting in the scene when that respectable lady gets intoxicated.

Photograph by P.P.P.

Forget Her?" (three volumes, 1862). Well, he is quite a different sort of person.

#### Siddons and Kean.

Because, frankly, one is not feeling equal to the patient enumeration of a large number of extremely dull pictures and of the still duller plays which figure in them. And they are nearly all pictures of the Players Scene in "Hamlet," anyway. Or Mrs. Siddons as Sophronia in "The Widow of Miletus." Not to mention Charles Kean as Richard the Third. Or John Philip Kemble as Cardinal Richelieu.

#### Stage Pictures.

One was not really thinking of that type of picture at all. But the modern artist has concerned himself to quite a considerable extent with the stage and its wicked works. You may see his efforts in large gold frames as you walk proudly past the box-office with your ticket clutched in one hand and a contraband box of chocolates held firmly but furtively in the other. They are In Oils. And Signed by the Artist. And they represent your idol (and mine) as he (or she) would desire to be imagined by those unhappy generations of the future that will be deprived by the unfortunate accident of birth of the felicity of seeing them in the flesh.

#### Hon. John.

You will be set thinking about it by Mr. John Collier's successful onslaught on Sir Gerald du Maurier at the Academy. Because it is a rare example of dramatic portraiture from which the drama has not been (as it is so often) omitted in an excess of tact. One can understand a pardonable hesitation in the portrait-painter confronted with a cheesemonger to depict him before a shimmering (or possibly shimmying) background of Gruyère. The butcher may be reluctant to go down to posterity among his briskets—although Chester showed no such coyness. But the elimination of the stage, which is the almost uniform feature of theatrical portraiture, is inexplicable. And even a trifle snobbish.

#### Sir Herbert.

One is glad to think of Sir Gerald du Maurier, as Mr. Collier sees him, saying, "Not a bit like it," at a rehearsal. That is the way to paint our actors. We must either have them like that, or (best of all) in character. As Mr. Collier, again (and he will never be forgotten when posterity comes to look for portraits of the late Victorian and Edwardian worthies), saw Sir Herbert Tree in the puffed cheeks of Falstaff. One hopes that the portrait-painters will take note, and when next they book an order to paint Miss Gladys Cooper they will see her, as we all do, taking the stage in character.

#### Hauteur.

One feels faintly hostile to the normal representation of our entertainers as country gentlemen and lounging ladies. Let us have them on the stage and see more plays in pictures. It is a good convention. And one would be sorry to see it fade. And it would look a good deal better in the hall of the theatre than the genteel portraits which make us half afraid to go inside for fear of disturbing the cultured repose of the eminent persons who stare condescendingly out of their gilt frames at the box-office queue.

#### Plays in Pictures.

That is one sort of play that you might meet in pictures. But there is another. A type of drama which you encounter in (please print it nice and large) Pictures. One feels that it is about time to blow that particular gaff. Because a generation is growing up that believes it possible to put any type of play you like on the flickering screen. But someone ought to point out quite firmly that the Movies are killing Wit.

#### Fun and Wit.

Not Fun. Because you can take photographs of fun. The butter slide, sudden removal of chairs from beneath old gentlemen, street rows, and all the other branches of Fun are susceptible of movie treatment. But Wit is perishable, and since it resides only on the lips of men (and, sometimes, women) you never get it at the Pictures. Wit is an affair of the ears. But if your ears were removed (or plugged, like Herbert Spencer's) you could enjoy the Movies just as much. Because their appeal is to the eyes.

#### Lillians of the Gish.

So one would send up a humble prayer to Mr. Griffith and Mr. Hepworth and Mr. Famous-Lasky. Cannot they devise some means of preserving, canning, and reproducing wit? If you saw "The Importance of Being Ernest" on the film, you would hardly smile. But can't they find a way at



Los Angeles? Surely the great brain which gave us "Lillians of the Gish," or whatever they call the French Revolution in California, cannot be defeated by a little problem like this. And surely we can have a play on the film which provokes the polite smile. We have the loud guffaw (that is our tribute to Fun). And the splashing tear (that is where tragedy gets in under our guard). But what about Wit?

#### Film Marvels.

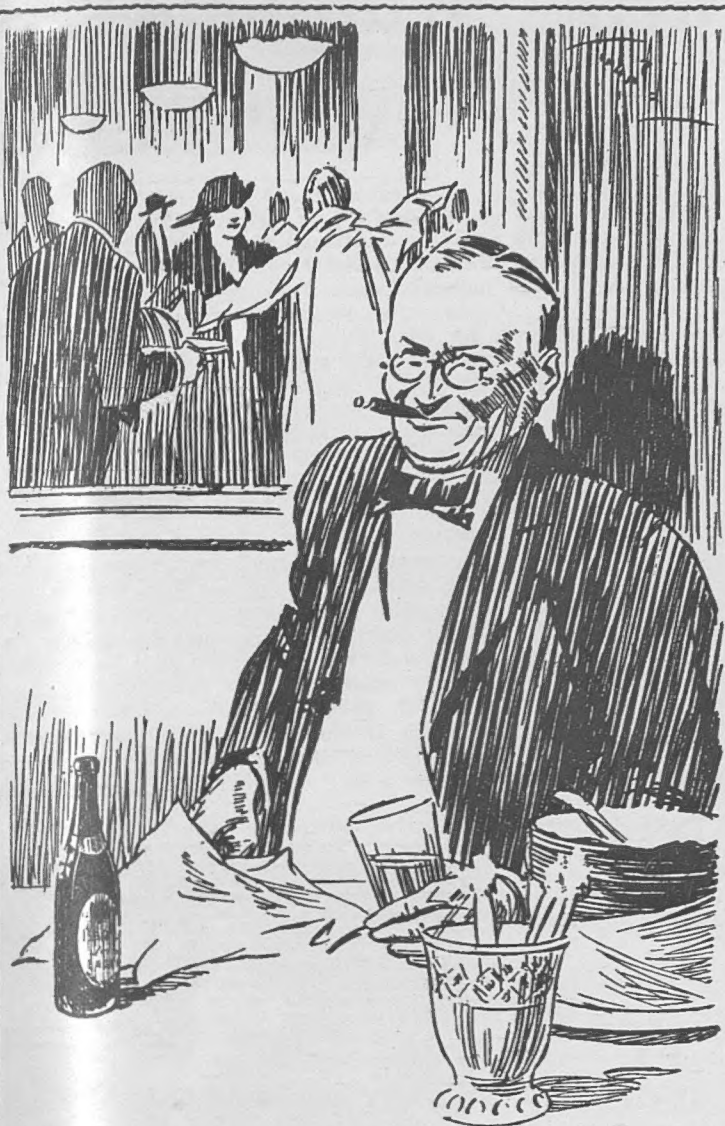
But really one should not be too exacting with the picture drama. Because it manages to do the most astonishing things for us. Like that joint carved by the Invisible Hand in "Orphans of the Storm." Several members of the audience have to get up at every performance, go straight out, and have a good square meal. Because they Simply Can't Bear It. Neither could we. The undercut was too lifelike. And the whole reconstitution of Versailles in that piece—the interior of the palace, not the rather preposterous



THE AUTHOR OF "LIFE'S A GAME": MICHAEL ORME, WHO, IN PRIVATE LIFE, IS MRS. J. T. GREIN.

Michael Orme, the clever author of "Life's a Game," which was given last week as one of the plays in the series of Margaret Halstan matinées at the Kingsway, is, in private life, Mrs. J. T. Grein, the wife of the well-known dramatic critic of the "Illustrated London News."—[Photograph by Bassano.]

orgy—is an astounding piece of real study and reckless expense. You can have a good drama without spectacle, as they manage to demonstrate at the Old Vic. But if you have a thinnish plot (and that is all that the poor Orphans could find in the Revolution), spectacular attractions are a goodish substitute in the visual (but not the spoken) drama.



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## Ciro Pearls

and she thus describes the success she obtained with same.

“I received the pearls this morning, and am delighted with them. They are exactly like my real string were, and could not possibly be told from real. The following remark from my husband, who is supposed to be a judge of pearls, will tell you that they are satisfactory. I put your pearls on this morning as soon as I received them, and my husband, who does not know of the dreadful accident I had with my real string, said, ‘I wondered when you were going to wear them again’—meaning my real pearls. Then he took a close look and said, ‘I am jolly proud of that transaction.’ He got my pearls through a business deal, and you may know from these remarks how satisfied I am.”

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Special Private Cinema Displays demonstrating the whole Process in operation are being given at Grafton Street—a well-known actress is among those featuring on the film. Full details of Process and interesting photographs sent post free on mentioning "The Sketch."



Photograph by Bassano.

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## On the River

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